AMERICA'S 'DIRTY' WAR: Chandler Davidson

THE NATION

November 2, 1964 . . 35c

MOSCOW & PEKING

New Men, New Forces, New Bargains
In the Russo-Chinese Future

Alexander Werth **Frederick Kuh**

The Warren Report

A Measure of the Achievement

Herbert L. Packer

Reviews & Essays

David Cort
Recalls Whittaker Chambers

SPAIN in FICTION: **Paul West**

Leonard Woolf's Autobiography
Christopher Sykes

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LETTERS

POWs

Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs: Joel Lieber ("In Arab Hands," *The Nation*, Oct. 19) might well have attempted credibility. We are told that the Red Cross, World Health Organization and eminent foreign psychiatric experts were unable to conduct an investigation into Arab treatment of Israeli prisoners because of "political considerations." I think Mr. Lieber's charge is most serious and deserves much more attention than the short shrift he gives it. How, in fact, is this any more or less "political" than the Red Cross's investigation into prison conditions in Egypt or the POW's conditions in French-controlled Algeria? Also we are led to believe that, because the English psychiatric expert found his schedule too tight, his government had necessarily put pressure upon him.

The stated outburst of Liebes on the bridge could have been prompted purely to have the United Nations observers bring more pressure on the Syrians for release of all Israelis. This is not, as even the most unsophisticated reader will discern, prima-facie evidence that they were treated as Liebes exclaimed. . . .

The authentication of such charges is made imperative by their seriousness, and by the fact that Mr. Lieber has a prehoned ax to grind. Mr. Lieber falls woefully short of this burden of authentication. *Dean Jabara*

No cause for madness

St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sirs: Why should it be necessary for good journalists to include so often phrases which are absurd and hence undermine the reliability of their reports? Example: Joel Lieber relates that "one of the men went mad from an untreated rupture which over a nine-year period developed to the size of a watermelon!" There is no reason to doubt the rupture nor its proportions, but . . . to a physician a causal relation between rupture and insanity would be extremely far-fetched. . . . *Albert Kaplan, M.D.*

Further reading

Waltham, Mass.

Dear Sirs: I have shared George P. Elliott's view on the "study" of "primitive"— and non-primitive — men for a long time ("Men With Their Faces On," *The Nation*, Oct. 5). I believe that only through *vital participation* in the lives of those we would understand can we even begin to know anything significant about them.

To Mr. Elliott and anyone else interested in this humanistic approach to the study of man, may I recommend the following books: David Lindsay Watson, *The Study of Human Nature;* Oscar Lewis, *The Children of Sánchez* and *Pedro Martínez;* Colin Turnbull, *The Forest People;* Paul Radin, *Primitive Man as Philosopher* and *The World of Primitive Man;* and the most moving and poignant of them all, Vincenzo Petrullo's "The Yaruros of the Capanaparo River, Venezuela" (Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology, Anthropological Paper No. 11; 1939).

Alexander Liazos
Brandeis University

SNCC in San Francisco

San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Although the Mississippi Summer Project was notably successful—it taught 2,200 children in Freedom Schools, registered over 50,000 on Freedom registration forms and reached many thousands more in the community centers—SNCC's work in the South has obviously only begun. Activities inaugurated by the Summer Project are being continued throughout the winter. . . .

It is with this continuation and expansion in mind that the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee and the Bay Area Friends of SNCC are sponsoring a two-day conference beginning Nov. 14 in San Francisco. Bob Moses, SNCC field secretary and director of the Mississippi Summer Project, will be the featured speaker. . . . Workshops and symposiums will focus on future Southern volunteers, the organization of new Friends of SNCC Northern support groups, and the Southern freedom movement in historical perspective.

Registration is $3 ($2 for students). Saturday and Sunday lunches can be had for $1.50 and Saturday dinner for another $1.50. Housing will be provided for those from out of town. Please send checks for registration and meals to: SNCC Conference, 584 Page St., San Francisco, Calif.

Bay Area Friends of SNCC

Rexroth—right and wrong

Amherst, Mass.

Dear Sirs: I am glad Ruth Scheingold (*The Nation*, Oct. 12) corrected Kenneth Rexroth's distortions about the August conference on The Negro Writer in the U.S. ("Panelizing Dissent," Sept. 7). . . . I found it an extraordinarily stimulating meeting and a unique one. Rexroth was right to recall the thirties, for one of the most interesting features of this literary occasion was the felt need at almost every point to see and discuss the social and political context (i.e., civil rights and the Negro revolution) of the remarkable burst of Negro creativity at this time; he was wrong to adopt a tone at once hip and jaded. . . .

Jules Chametzky, Editor
The Massachusetts Review

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Number Five

The British economist Joan Robinson, writing in *New Scientist* (June 18), forecast a bright future for Red China, but on two conditions: that it should not be involved in war, and that the government should not feel obliged to enter the nuclear arms race, "which would wreck the economy and undermine political stability by keeping the people's belts pulled too tight for too long." That is quite different from President Johnson's lamentations for the Chinese people; they have no reason to believe that his heart bleeds for them, while Miss Robinson is an avowed sympathizer. The conclusions jibe, nevertheless: the government has chosen plutonium instead of rice. If famine comes to China, or the marginal living standards of the masses continue, it will be partly because of that choice.

This nuclear event does not mean that China is really trying to compete in atomic arms with the United States; the U. S. Seventh Fleet alone has greater nuclear fire power than China can hope to achieve for a long time. However, less grandiose ambitions can be envisioned. The prospect of a Chinese nuclear force certainly does not bring Chiang Kai-shek's dreams of returning to the mainland any closer to reality. Chiang's pilots, trained in the United States and flying U-2s, have been carrying on reconnaissance over China for years; they obtained the intelligence data on which Secretary Rusk's forecast of the Chinese nuclear explosion was based. The Chinese occasionally bring down a U-2 with conventional explosives; small nuclear warheads might make these spy flights prohibitively costly. The fallout would not be great and to the Chinese it might be worth the damage.

The device the Chinese exploded also has its evident political uses. President Johnson denounced the Chinese for polluting the atmosphere—after the U.S. and the USSR had been systematically polluting it for the better part of two decades and were satiated. Nevertheless, he went on the air and exhorted the Chinese to sign the test-ban treaty. Whether it is de Gaulle or Mao, there is no better way for a statesman to attract attention than to set off a nuclear device.

American prognosticators have consistently underestimated the ability of unfriendly powers to develop nuclear potential. The USSR came along much faster with both fission and thermonuclear devices than we expected; and in the second case they actually beat us to a deliverable bomb. John A. Berberet, a General Electric Company physicist who is an authority on Chinese science and technology, believes that with an all-out effort the Chinese might put together forty or fifty low-yield bombs in three years. Such an arsenal would not pose a threat to the North American continent, but in the event of a war on the Asian mainland it would be sufficient, certainly, to deter the United States from resorting to tactical nuclear weapons.

Everyone deplores the Chinese bomb, but it is a fact. After the election, it might even have a salutary political effect in the United States. The situation changes, but the hallowed myth of Chinese ineligibility for equal treatment is invincible—so far. The next President might, however, give some consideration to the idea that the best way to pacify the Chinese would be to work out an Asian *détente* which would necessarily include them and us. He may also reflect that if the Chinese are worthy to sign the test-ban treaty, they are no less worthy of membership in the United Nations.

Khrushchev the Terrible

After a decade of world notoriety, during which he became a household word to most Americans and some even learned to spell his name, Nikita Khrushchev has been removed from power in the typical Russian fashion—with a shove and a curse. The event was in ironical contrast to the orderly changeover in Great Britain. As Churchill once said, democracy looks like a bad system until one compares it with autocracy.

The political demise of Khrushchev should dispel some illusions in the West. Many who live under the blessings of democracy still think of the Soviet Union as a *personal* dictatorship. It was something close to that under Stalin, but the situation now is different. The Presidium of the Central Committee does the dictating. It may have to take account of the Red Army and other factors, but it can remove even the First Secretary of the Communist Party.

Another possible benefit is that we should not be too hasty in joining the chorus of vilification which is raised automatically in the West against emergent Soviet politicians. The West maintains this din until the Soviet leaders themselves take it up against whoever was first among his peers, but is so no longer. Then, and not until then, the journalists and politicians of the West have qualms. When Khrushchev fell, the New York stock market fell with him, as if a great and good man had been toppled from power. President Johnson spoke of him almost as a friend: ". . . he learned from mistakes and he was not blind to realities. In the last two years his government had shown itself aware of the need for sanity in this nuclear age. . . . In these actions he demonstrated good sense and sober judgment." Former President Eisenhower announced that he was "not one of those who feel too good" about Khrushchev's dismissal. He added nostalgically: "You know, he had streaks of frankness with me. He told me things and I asked the Central Intelligence Committee to check on them and they turned out to be correct."

While the ritualistic blackening of the former demigod's character and performance proceeds in Moscow, the Communist parties of Europe, whose leaders are free to open their mouths, make no secret of their un-

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easiness at Khrushchev's abrupt firing. There must be similar uneasiness among the people of the Soviet Union. If one day you hear nothing but good about a man, on such a fulsome scale that it is incredible on its face, and the next day you hear nothing but evil, it must set you to thinking. The bum has been thrown out—can it be that other bums have succeeded him?

In the period since 1953, the Soviets have taken some impressive steps toward civilized political behavior. They should continue in that direction once the present orgy is over. Why can't they steal a page from the book of the democracies and put a term on the tenure of their head of state? Our own four-year term is about right. If the incumbent proves to be a bad choice, four years go by pretty fast, and out he goes; if he proves to be satisfactory, he is given another crack at it. The Russians will never acquire a fully developed national pride, coupled with a feeling of governmental stability, until they learn to make their transitions in leadership in a civilized fashion.

The Warren Commission

At the time the Warren Commission was appointed, *The Nation* took the position that it would stoutly resist the temptation to enter the ranks of the rapidly expanding army of amateur "private eyes" and miscellaneous free-lance James Bonds who were even then busy as beavers mass-producing conspiracies among unnamed "oil millionaires" and offering each day a new theory of President Kennedy's assassination. We said then (December 28, 1963) that we would not add to the confusion and uncertainty—unless of course we were able to present some new and verifiable facts—nor would we draw any conclusions until an official version of the facts was available. At the same time, we urged that public concern should not abate merely because the Warren Commission had been appointed, and advised that its work be kept under close scrutiny. We also said that we would make an independent assessment of the commission's report when it was issued (see article by Herbert L. Packer, p. 295).

We have had no occasion to regret these decisions. On January 27, we ran an article by Harold Feldman, raising certain questions about the FBI's interest in Oswald. In the same issue we devoted a second editorial to the Warren Commission, expressing our confidence in the staff and the commission and insisting, as we had done previously, that the Chief Justice's integrity in the matter was not to be questioned. At the same time we pointed out that the questions raised about the role of the FBI were addressed to the commission and called for specific findings. The commission did not accept at face value assurances that Oswald had never been an informer for the FBI or any kind of agent for the CIA; it checked the personnel records of both agencies to verify these assurances. This is precisely the kind of specific finding that was needed and the only kind that would be acceptable to a deeply concerned world public.

More recently (September 14), and in anticipation of publication of the commission's report, we ran an article by Maurice Rosenberg of the Columbia Law School which dealt with an aspect of the commission's work that would not be affected by the report itself.

In our view, then, the commission did its work well; the report is an admirable document, and the Chief Justice, his associates and the staff merit the praise they have received. The report should terminate the wilder speculations and more irresponsible rumormongering, but it will not do so. We have had occasion to experience, with more sadness than surprise, the depth and pervasiveness of the will to believe (notably among Left-of-Center groups) that the President's assassination was the result of a sinister conspiracy—the names of the conspirators to be filled in as need, fancy and bias dictate. Of course there are weaknesses and uncertainties in the report, and it may well be that facts still to be uncovered will throw fresh light on this or that aspect of the Dallas tragedy. But on the essential points, we share Mr. Packer's conclusions. On some of the larger implications—the background factors—we have reread with satisfaction Reece McGee's "The Roots of the Agony" (December 21, 1963) and Richard Condon's reflections on a kindred theme (December 28, 1963).

The Jenkins Case

The arrest and resignation of Walter Jenkins, the President's trusted aid, has provoked what is in most respects a remarkably sensible and encouraging reaction. The President and Mrs. Johnson have been widely praised, as they deserve to be, for the decency and compassion they have shown. With the exception of Messrs. Miller and Nixon, whose behavior has been predictably ghoulish, the politicians have exhibited a rare restraint.

Also, there runs through the editorial comment a new realization that the disposition to lynch those accused of deviant behavior is a relic of barbarism and should be put aside. Even J. Edgar Hoover is reported to have joined the many who have sent messages of sympathy and understanding to Mr. Jenkins. If it is true that Mr. Hoover sent flowers and a warm message, it does him credit. In general the public seems to have been appalled by the tragic implications for Jenkins, and for his wife and children. Up to this point the reaction has been much better than might have been expected and reflects a new insight and maturity. But instinctive sympathy is one thing, clear logic another. In one respect, the reaction to the Jenkins case has been extremely illogical.

Word is out, for example, that "new, tough" security checks will now be instituted; there is to be a general "tightening up" of security. But a moment's reflection will suggest that that is not a logical response to the instructive facts of the Jenkins case. Ponder the facts: For a quarter of a century, in every conceivable kind of trying circumstance, Jenkins was the trusted aid of a notably hardheaded and realistic politician. What better proof could the President have had than this experience of the reliability of Walter Jenkins? By what

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talisman, by what credentials and certificates, by how many bits and scraps of paper with writing on them could one acquire better evidence of a man's general reliability, his character, his integrity, than twenty-five years of close association? And the FBI report sustains the President's confidence in Jenkins. There is always an element of unpredictability about human nature, but the record of a man, known and observed over a long span of years, should be the best possible guide to his real character. Yet we would now "tighten up," instead of re-examining the categories and procedures and assumptions of the security system.

One of these assumptions really cries for critical examination. It is that homosexuality creates per se special security hazards. The assumption rests, in about equal measure, on popular bias, unexamined and unevaluated empirical evidence and "common sense." The empirical evidence, drawn from the testimony of agency heads and the experience of certain departments of government, is that a known homosexual promptly becomes a marked target for "the enemy" and is peculiarly subject to blackmail. It is also suggested that there is an element of "emotional instability" about such persons that is itself a factor to be considered. "Common sense" suggests that practicing homosexuals are eternal "outsiders" in the society in which they live, with fewer ties of the kind that are supposed to make for stability and reliability. But the fact is, as the Group for the Advancement of Psychiatry pointed out in a report issued in January, 1955, there has been no scientific study of the empirical evidence. It may provide a sound basis for concern; or it may not.

The American Mental Health Foundation, in a statement on the Jenkins case, has pointed out that "the private life and inclinations of a citizen, government employee or not, do not necessarily have any bearing on his capacities, usefulness and sense of responsibility in his occupation. The fact that an individual is homosexual, as has been strongly implied in the case of Mr. Jenkins, does not per se make him more unstable and more a security risk than any heterosexual person." Empirical evidence can be cited in support of this statement, too; witness espionage cases in which blondes, redheads and brunettes have served as successful decoys, or in which plain avarice has been the prime motivation. Logic suggests that the whole question should be scientifically investigated; it does not suggest that we should "tighten up" security regulations.

Everyman's Hero

Johnny Keane, manager of the St. Louis Cardinals in their World Series conquest of the Yankees, and now the new manager of the Yankees themselves, is hereby nominated for *Time's* "man of the year." A wave of praise, eloquent and unreserved, swept through the sports pages when it was learned that Keane, after the Cardinals had won the series, had handed owner August A. Busch, Jr., a letter of resignation, typed by Keane's wife Lela and dated September 28—before the series opened. The letter was presented to Mr. Busch even before he could offer Keane, as he did, a renewal of his contract with a raise in pay.

Earlier, the Cardinals' owner had failed on numerous occasions to deny rumors, rife before the Cardinals began their dramatic race for the pennant in the final weeks, that Keane, who had served the club loyally for twenty-nine years, would be fired at the season's end. Of the letter, Keane said simply: "It was an accumulation of little things. My wife leaves these things to me, but we talked this over and decided that for our feelings it was necessary."

To tell off the boss, particularly a rich and pampered boss, is still every working American's fondest dream. It is no great thing, however, to tell off the boss in a crude and plangent manner. But to tell him off elegantly, with style and grace, is a real art, and nothing will ever become Mr. Keane and his wife more than the skill and good taste with which they bade Mr. Busch adieu. There were no recriminations; there was no abuse. On the contrary, there were kind words for an owner who did not deserve them and, even at the final parting scene, evidence of loyalty and good will. Even if *Time* should pass him by, Mr. Keane will be remembered as man of the hour if not of the year.

The Kremlin Votes No Confidence

Alexander Werth

Paris

In "Russia in 1964" (*The Nation*, Oct. 5), reporting on my summer visit to the USSR, I indicated that Khrushchev's stock had fallen low in his own country. This was particularly true among the industrial workers, who blamed him for shortages, the high cost of living and the mess in agriculture. And beyond these domestic difficulties, Khrushchev had got himself in a complete jam over China. I quoted a Russian newspaper man saying, as he looked dismally at two pages of *Pravda* filled with Khrushchev's jovial speeches in the Virgin Lands about fertilizers and tractors and whether this kind of wheat was better than that kind of wheat: "Good God, the guy is whistling in the dark. Why pretend he is interested in all this rubbish when he knows he may soon have to face the biggest crisis of his life?"

Well, the crisis came with spectacular suddenness, and it will probably be some time before we know the exact sequence of events and the full details of what happened. But a few facts stand out clearly. On Tuesday, October 13, two days before his ouster became known,

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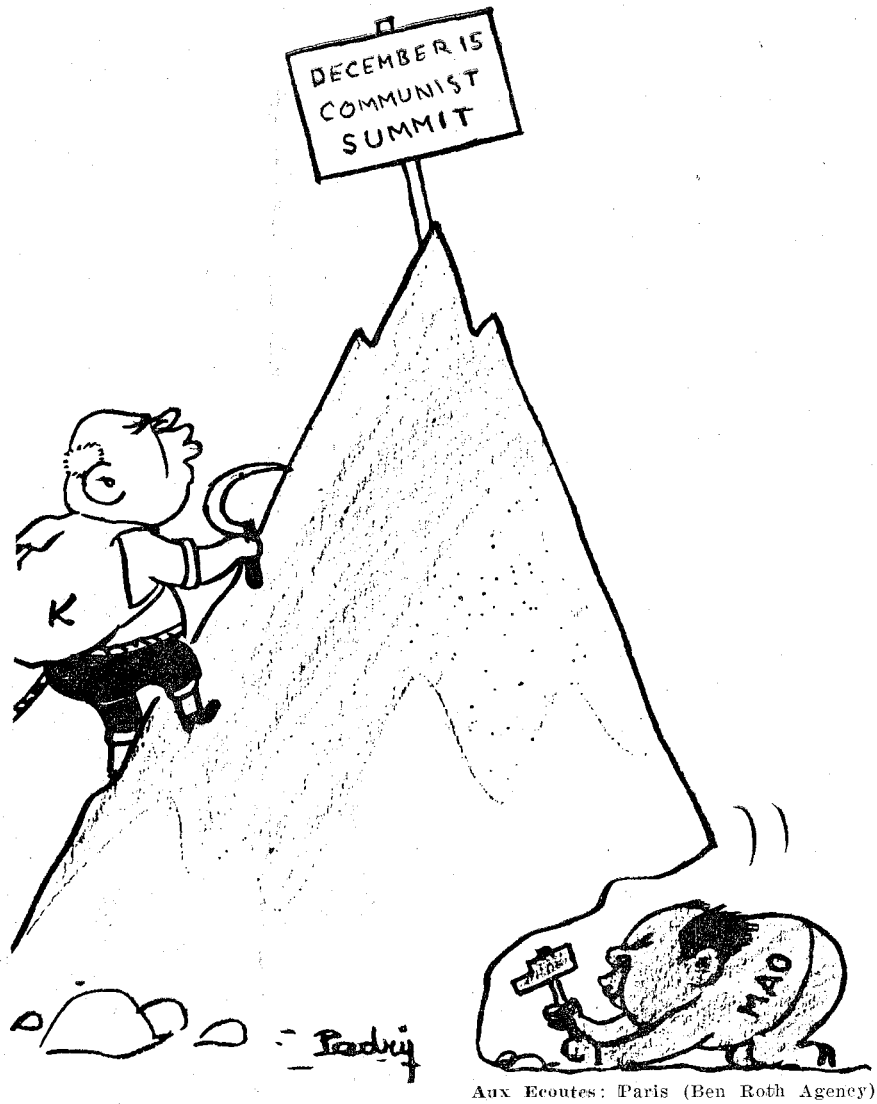

Aux Ecoutes: Paris (Ben Roth Agency)

Khrushchev abruptly left his Black Sea vacation spot and returned to Moscow, ostensibly to be on hand to welcome the three triumphant astronauts. In fact, though, by the time he was leaving for the capital, his colleagues on the Presidium of the Central Committee had already decided to fire him. It is not quite clear that he even took part in any discussion on the Presidium; the acceptance of his "resignation" on account of "old age and deteriorating health" may simply have been presented to him when he arrived in Moscow. It may be recalled that in 1957 Khrushchev was ousted by the Presidium of the Central Committee, but then insisted that a plenary session of the entire Central Committee be called to O.K. this dismissal. That meeting ended in a complete triumph for Khrushchev and in the ousting, instead, of what came to be known as the "anti-party group," including Molotov, Malenkov, Kaganovich and Shepilov.

It seems that this time Khrushchev was caught off guard and was in a much weaker position to offer any effective opposition or to mobilize the necessary support. Some reports maintain that the great attack against Khrushchev was led, both on the Presidium and at the Central Committee meeting (which endorsed the acceptance of his resignation), by Michael Suslov, and that at the latter meeting Khrushchev eloquently and passionately defended his policy, but was fired all the same. This seems to me pure guesswork, and some of the best Western correspondents in Moscow, such as Bernard Féron and Michel Tatu of the Paris *Le Monde*, doubt that there *was* any meeting of the Central Committee. This is one of the points which may in time become clear. For the present, the whole thing looks like a palace revolution engineered in Khrushchev's absence from Moscow. If the entire Central Committee, consisting as it does of a very high proportion of allegedly "Khrushchev men," had been called, the subsequent firing might not have been quite as simple an operation as it now appears to have been.

Even so, Khrushchev's position in the country and in the party was very much weaker in 1964 than it had been in 1957. His position was untenable in the first place because of the Chinese problem. He had played his hand badly. Without making sure that he would receive full support from the East European, West European and other Communist parties, he had called a "preparatory meeting" of twenty-six Communist parties for December 15. This meeting was to pave the way for a "World Communist Meeting," and Khrushchev's idea was that both these gatherings would excommunicate, or at any rate severely condemn, the Chinese Communist leaders. But out of the twenty-six Communist parties invited to the December meeting only eleven agreed to come, and many of these accepted on condition that no final breach with China be brought about, that the Suslov report of last February (see *The Nation*, May 4), strongly condemning the Chinese leadership, not be used as a "basis of discussion" at either meeting.

What perhaps marked the beginning of the end was the famous memorandum Palmiro Togliatti wrote a few days before his death in August, strongly warning Khrushchev against doing anything that would "split the world Communist movement." The French Communist *L'Humanité* published an expurgated version of the Togliatti document; *Pravda* published it in full, but only after more than a week's delay. It is reasonable to suppose that Khrushchev opposed publication but that his colleagues on the Presidium of the Central Committee insisted that Togliatti's memorandum appear in *Pravda*. Similar pressures are known to have come from the Italian Communist leadership. In short, Khrushchev's secret hope that he could build up a strong Communist bloc, outside China and centered on Moscow, and with "peaceful coexistence" as the first point of its platform, came to nothing.

Khrushchev's viewpoint was that to avoid any possibility of war the Soviet Union must establish the best

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possible relations with the United States and with Western Europe, including Western Germany. China, at a pinch, could wait. His drive for a *rapprochement* with Western Germany, exemplified by the five articles published in *Izvestia* last June (its editor at that time was Aleksei Adzhubei, Khrushchev's son-in-law and unofficial ambassador at large), and by his plan to visit Bonn early next year, had caused some disquiet in East Germany, Czechoslovakia and Poland. While Khrushchev was vacationing on the Black Sea, Brezhnev hurried to East Berlin to assure the East German Government that Khrushchev would do nothing at Bonn to "embarrass Ulbricht." Then there occurred recently the cloak-and-dagger incident in which a member of the West German embassy in Moscow, while ostensibly on a sight-seeing trip to the Zagorsk Monastery, 40 miles from Moscow, was given a shot of mustard gas in the leg during a church service. It now seems that the guess made by many at the time was correct: agents of the anti-Khrushchev faction in the party had engineered this incredible affair in order to spoil the chances of Khrushchev's Bonn visit. Such, obviously, would be the desires of what is currently known in Moscow as "our China Lobby" or "our pro-Chinese Stalinites."

China and *rapprochement* with the West, especially with Western Germany, were the main factors in Khrushchev's downfall, but there were others. The working class openly attacked Khrushchev as a "windbag," and his optimistic forecasts over the years about a steep rise in agricultural production, in the standard of living, and in general prosperity were being quoted against him. An industrial executive in Moscow went so far as to tell me in August: "You have no idea how our workers *hate* Khrushchev." Another thing which rankled was his Cuban fiasco. Many people tended to agree with the Chinese that the whole stunt of setting up missile bases in Cuba and then withdrawing them was "a mixture of adventurism and capitulationism." I was told often in Russia last summer that he had never quite recovered from the episode. No doubt, as I wrote in my previous report, his determination to give first attention to improving relations with the United States and the West was popular in the country at large; yet in party circles this "excessive" pro-Western and anti-Chinese orientation seems to have been causing more and more disquiet. I could feel it everywhere I went.

Still another factor may have contributed to Khrushchev's downfall. It is understood that at the plenary meeting of the Central Committee to be held in November, Khrushchev planned to propose a number of far-reaching economic and administrative reforms; these were viewed with the greatest disquiet by professional planners like Kosygin, the present Prime Minister. The reforms were to be accompanied by some drastic changes in the top echelon of the party, and many members of the Presidium may well have worried for their jobs. Another, minor, cause of Khrushchev's fall is believed to be his military policy of cutting down on conventional forces, based on the assumption that the United States would not start a war of any kind. Some generals are said to oppose this policy, but the story that Marshal Malinovsky, a close friend of Khrushchev's, has lost his job of Minister of Defense has not yet been confirmed. There have been similar rumors about "pro-Western" Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko.

What about the new leaders, Brezhnev and Kosygin? Some observers say that their assumption of power will not mean any major change, since they have, all along, been "Khrushchev men." That is a shaky point: up until March 5, 1953, all the top Russian leaders were "Stalin men." As regards Brezhnev, I am tempted to recall a short story, I believe by Chekhov, in which a character is described like this: "There's really nothing one can say about him, except that he's got bushy eyebrows." That is not quite true of Brezhnev. He had a distinguished war career, and gradually became a very smart operator inside the *apparat* of the party. But he seems a lightweight for the enormously big job that has fallen to him as new party boss of the USSR. He has a frivolous (if amiable) side: he is a heavy eater, heavy drinker, he enjoys waltzing at diplomatic receptions, and his highly active love life (unusual among top Communists) is notorious in Moscow. My impression is that he may be a stopgap appointment and that a stronger and tougher man—for instance, Michael Suslov—may before long take his place. Lanky and intellectual looking, Suslov is the very hard ex-Stalinist. He was Stalin's spokesman in excommunicating Tito in 1948-49. He was also pro-Chinese for a long time. True, last February he drew up, on Khrushchev's instructions, the violently anti-Chinese report already referred to; but he could well go back on this and help to bring about a reconciliation.

The "K" We Knew

Cartoons by Beaton: Toronto Telegram (Ben Roth Agency).

Speaking of China, the December meeting may now be called off entirely, but it is more likely to be turned into a great family reunion, or at least a patch-up of the quarrel, now that Mao's Enemy No. 1 is out. The Chinese leaders have already sent gushingly cordial messages to the new Russian leaders.

This does not mean that the Kremlin will adopt a violently anti-Western policy. "Peaceful coexistence," Soviet diplomats have assured us, continues to be the cornerstone of Russian foreign policy. It is high-

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ly doubtful, however, that a Bonn visit will come off—at least for the present. In the East European "satellite" countries, the news of Khrushchev's fall has been received with mixed feelings. On the one hand, there was some nervousness about the Bonn visit; on the other, there is now some anxiety in Poland and other countries that Khrushchev's policy of noninterference in their internal affairs will, to some extent, be reversed. Among the ex-Stalinites there has been a strong feeling that —to use de Gaulle's crack—"Stalin built up a mighty empire, and Khrushchev frittered it away."

The internal repercussions of Khrushchev's fall may become apparent very soon. There is, I think, a real danger that the Stalinist old guard will make its influence strongly felt. It is hard to believe that the "anti-Khrushchevite purge" will be limited to the firing of Adzhubei, editor of *Izvestia;* Satyukov, editor of *Pravda*, and a few others most closely associated with the fallen leader. It is apt to go much further. I pity the Soviet historians who will have to rewrite the hundreds of volumes of "Khrushchevite" history, with its absurd magnification of the part played by Khrushchev in "the winning of World War II." One may well wonder, too, whether old Stalinites like Leonid F. Ilyichev—an ogre to the more progressive and liberal writers and other intellectuals —will again start ill treating them in a big way. Among these people, as I pointed out in my October article, an ever-recurring saying was: "Thank God for Khrushchev; the next guy can only be much worse."

Will there be at least a partial rehabilitation of Stalin? Perhaps some of the more absurd manifestations of Khrushchev's pathological anti-Stalinism will be corrected—such as his allegation that Stalin was completely incompetent as Russia's war chief in 1941-45, or his decision to change the name of Stalingrad—a petty move that everybody in Russia disliked. Will some of the people fired by Khrushchev

The New Russo-Chinese Equation . . . Frederick Kuh

Washington, D. C.

What effect will Russia's new leadership and China's explosion of a nuclear device have upon eventual Sino-Soviet negotiations? It seems improbable that the Soviets will give direct aid to China in developing nuclear military power, but any industrial assistance by the Soviets may release other Chinese resources for military purposes. It follows that the acquisition of Chinese nuclear power, however primitive, will make a Chinese-Soviet agreement more difficult.

If, despite this, the Soviets are ready to make a deal with China, they could be of enormous help. They could resume the supply of machinery and of entire factories to speed Chinese industrialization. To do so, the Russians would have to slow down their own industrial advance, and they would be building a future economic rival. They might consider it worth the price, however, if they could restore a monolithic Communist bloc.

In exchange, the Chinese could tighten their belts still more and provide soya beans to the USSR. They could also export antimony, needed by the Soviet steel industry. China could make other commodities available, and could develop its untapped resources, notably petroleum. The USSR could assist them in this.

So much, briefly, for the economic side. What of the politics?

China could agree to shelve its territorial claims against the Soviet Union and against Outer Mongolia—a Soviet ally or dependency. But would Moscow accept a shelving, rather than outright renunciation, of China's territorial pretensions to Soviet land? And is China prepared to go that far? Negotiation on this important point would not be easy. China might ask a stiff price and the price may have become even stiffer since China's entry into the fringes of the nuclear club.

The Soviets might insist that China abstain from further provocative acts against India. If Moscow succeeded in eliciting such a pledge, it would put India deeply in its debt and Soviet prestige would rise sharply throughout Asia.

What political profit could China gain from an arrangement with the Soviets? It might revalidate the Russian 1950 commitment to defend China against an attack by Japan or by any of Japan's allies. Those allies today include the United States. But would Moscow enlarge the area of possible war with the United States for the sake of China? (China might challenge the United States and then claim that America was the aggressor.) The Soviets gave their pledge to China fourteen years ago and would find it hard to repudiate it, but it appears doubtful that Russia would specifically reaffirm the promise at this time because a nuclear conflagration—besides its staggering cost in human lives—could destroy the achievements of the Soviet Union over the past forty-seven years. That is no small gamble.

China could try to win an assurance that the Soviet Union would not countenance any aggression by India against China. Thus Moscow might become the arbiter between China and India.

There might be an understanding—a secret one—that Russia would support China's seizure of the Portuguese colony of Macao, nestling on the Chinese frontier. This would proclaim the community of Moscow and Peking on the issue of anti-colonialism. True, Macao offers China certain advantages as a channel to the West today, but British Hong Kong also serves that purpose. And who would support Portugal—that is, who of any weight?

These are all possibilities—no more. Against such perspectives there is the chance that an attempt to settle the Soviet-Chinese feud might fail. Indeed, moves to overcome the Soviet-Chinese tension may never be made. It would be logical for the Soviets, before opening negotiations with Peking, to sound out the Chinese unofficially and informally over cups of tea or vodka. If such soundings indicated that the Chinese were not ready to pay a *quid* for the Soviets' *quo*, or that the Soviets would not come close to meeting China's price, the attempt to span the abyss may never be undertaken. As of now, the decision seems to be more with China than with the Soviet Union.

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be allowed to return; Molotov and Malenkov, for example? Molotov is 74, and in his case it is doubtful, though his pro-Chinese line might now be regarded as correct. Malenkov is still popular in Russia as the "more-consumer-goods" man, despite Khrushchev's attempts to blacken him as a bloodthirsty villain on a par with Beria. But is Malenkov alive? Nobody knows.

Anyway, the Khrushchev era, the best domestic aspects of which were a far greater personal freedom and "freedom from fear," is over. How far "de-Khrushchevization" will go, and whether it will take on violent forms, it is still too early to say. But even last summer I often heard remarks like this from industrial executives: "Our people are getting lazy; you can say what you like, but there was more discipline under Stalin."

Kosygin, the able administrator and technician, has been, in the past, very much a Stalin man. For the present, I should hate to prophesy how little, or how much, "re-Stalinization" there is going to be. But one thing is certain: there will be a radical change in Soviet-Chinese relations.

The Warren Report

A Measure of the Achievement . . Herbert L. Packer

The Warren Commission has admirably fulfilled its central objective by producing an account of the circumstances under which President Kennedy was assassinated that is adequate to satisfy all reasonable doubts about the immediate, essential facts. We now know as much as we are ever likely to know about what happened in Dallas. Why it happened remains, perhaps forever, obscure. If there are minor flaws in the report—some unavoidable, others, as I shall suggest, that might have been corrected—they are thrown into shadow by the conscientious and at times brilliant job that the commission has done. Only those who for whatever reasons of personal or political myopia cannot bring themselves to face reality will continue to think that the tragedy was proximately the work of more than one man and therefore ultimately the outcome of a conspiracy. The fantasts will continue to differ about whose conspiracy it was—Texas oil millionaires or Kremlin operatives—but their central premise will continue to hold. The important difference is that now the supposed factual basis for their premise, as well as for more reasoned doubts about what appeared to be the truth, has been dissolved.

The commission's relations with the outside world during the period of its investigation have not been altogether fortunate. Regrettably, the difficulties have not ceased and must now affect any immediate judgment on their product. The problem during the investigatory period was one of too much information. There was a series of leaks, some unplanned, others bearing at least the appearance of calculation, that suggested the crystallizing of a "position" long before one could confidently have been arrived at. The most spectacular of these was the revelation, scant weeks after the commission was organized, that the FBI report confirmed the theory that Oswald, acting alone, was the assassin. That leak may well have been beyond the commission's control but, taken in conjunction with others that were not, it created an impression of prejudgment that could not help but detract from the confidence with which the findings would be received. It is the measure of the commission's achievement that qualms of this sort have been, at least in the immediate aftermath, muted. Whether they will continue to be so remains to be seen and will depend to a considerable extent on what happens when the new problem of too little information is rectified.

I refer to the fact that the supporting volumes of transcripts and exhibits, originally slated for release simultaneously with the report volume, are still not available and apparently will not be released for some weeks. This should not have been allowed to happen. Whether the fault lies with the commission or with the White House, it is a grievous one. What it means, very simply, is that there is not at this time an adequate basis for evaluating the quality of the commission's fact-finding process. The problem is particularly acute in the case of findings that rest wholly or largely on testimony by eyewitnesses. By a careful reading of the report one learns who some of these witnesses were and what the commission thought was established by their testimony. What one cannot learn is how their testimony was probed by the inquiry. Much of that process is doubtless contained in working papers that will never be published, but the public record of the commission will include a good deal of it. One assumes from the quality of the report that the probing was detailed and penetrating; but that remains a surmise until the raw material is available for examination.

It may well be that once the report was in the President's hands he had no alternative but to release it at once. If so, the commission should not have transmitted it until the supporting data could be made publicly available. That kind of reticence may have been rendered difficult by the apparent ease with which the press was able to learn how far along in its work the commission was. If so, it is sufficient answer that this body had unique reason to know that accommodating the press is not the *summum bonum*.

Fortunately, the report and some of its appendices permit evaluation of the central findings. The factual controversies have been so numerous that it is easy to lose sight of the distinction between what is important and what is merely interesting. What is primarily important is the physical facts of the assassination. We now have as reliable

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evidence on that score as we are ever likely to get. That evidence fatally impairs the viability of the various conspiracy, or revisionist, theories that have been advanced in the months since the assassination. I do not propose to analyze the evidence in detail. Readers of this article have presumably read the report. (It should, but probably does not, go without saying that no one who has not read the report, and read it carefully as a whole, should feel himself entitled to hold an opinion about its virtues or defects.) What I shall do is separate out the central core of evidence that demonstrates beyond peradventure that one man, acting alone, fired all shots that were fired at the Presidential limousine and that the man was, beyond a reasonable doubt, Lee Harvey Oswald.

(1) *All of the wounds sustained by President Kennedy and by Governor Connally were inflicted by bullets fired from the rear and above.* This is demonstrated by the medical report on Governor Connally and the autopsy report on the President, as corroborated by (a) examination of the bullet holes in the President's clothing, which showed that the first shot that hit him entered his back and exited through the lower part of his neck; (b) the damage to the inside of the windshield caused by a spent bullet fragment; (c) the absence of any damage that could have been caused by a bullet or bullets fired from the front.

(2) *All of the shots were fired from the sixth-floor window of the Texas School Book Depository (TSBD).* This is demonstrated by (a) the re-enactment of the shooting accomplished with the aid of the motion picture of the actual shooting taken by Abraham Zapruder, which proved consistent with the medical and ballistics evidence with respect to the wounds; (b) the presence of three used cartridge cases on the floor near the window from which the shots were hypothesized to have been fired; (c) the presence of a rifle on the same floor; (d) the absence of any bullets or bullet fragments not accounted for by the fire from the TSBD.

(3) *The shots were fired from the Mannlicher-Carcano rifle found on the sixth floor of the TSBD.* This is demonstrated by the results of the ballistic tests on the bullet and bullet fragments that were recovered, and on the cartridge cases found on the sixth floor of the TSBD.

(4) *Oswald was the owner of the rifle used in the assassination.* This is demonstrated by (a) identification of the handwriting on the order for the rifle, its envelope and the accompanying money order as Oswald's; (b) the use in ordering the rifle of a false name corresponding to that on spurious identification documents found in Oswald's possession.

(5) *The shots could have been and probably were fired by Oswald.* This is demonstrated by (a) Oswald's admitted presence in the TSBD at the time of the assassination; (b) the presence on the southeast corner of the sixth floor of a homemade paper bag bearing Oswald's left index finger print and right palm print; (c) the presence on the rifle barrel of Oswald's palm print; (d) the presence in a crevice on the rifle of fibers corresponding with samples taken from the shirt worn by Oswald at the time of his arrest; (e) the absence of any evidence pointing to the probability that any other person in the TSBD fired the shots.

That is the minimal case against Oswald. It will be noticed that in no detail does it require the acceptance of eyewitness testimony, disputed or undisputed. It is corroborated by the weight of the available eyewitness testimony, but for our purpose we need not even consider that. It is also corroborated by the physical evidence demonstrating that Patrolman Tippit was killed by bullets fired from a revolver found in Oswald's possession at the time of his arrest, but we need not consider that.

No one has yet suggested any basis for controverting any part of what I have described as the minimal case. Of course, it does not conclusively establish that Oswald killed the President. It is in theory possible that some other person or persons either used Oswald's rifle to shoot the President or used his pistol to shoot Tippit, or both. But in the absence of evidence that it was physically impossible for Oswald to have done both killings, or of evidence strongly pointing to the probability that one killing, or both, were done by someone else, a jury might be expected to conclude on the basis of the minimal case alone that Oswald was the killer. No such discrediting evidence has been adduced, nor has its possible existence been made even remotely plausible.

The minimal case is supported rather than negated by what eyewitness testimony is available. But as every trial lawyer knows, eyewitness testimony is notoriously unreliable as compared with physical evidence. It is hardly cause for concern in any garden-variety criminal case that eyewitnesses disagree about such matters as how many shots were fired, whether a man was 5′ 11″ or 5′ 8″, was wearing a white or a light-colored jacket, had bushy hair or simply needed a haircut. Disagreements on matters of this kind are the everyday grist of the trial courts. The minimal case against Oswald is far stronger than that against many criminal defendants who are with perfect propriety convicted and sentenced every day. So far as eyewitness testimony goes, it needs to be remembered that in most criminal prosecutions there is either none at all or far less than was available here.

The discrepancies of evidence recorded by the commission are marginal. When there is a conflict of eyewitness testimony, someone has to be believed and someone disbelieved. Other indices of veracity aside, the basis on which choices of this kind are normally made is to ask oneself, consciously or unconsciously, which of the conflicting versions better accords with what is known to be true. There always comes a point in fact finding at which one says to himself: "This is the way it probably happened; now let us see how the hypothesis stands up." In that sense, any fact-finding process always involves at some stage the formation of a hypothesis. Here the hypothesis against which the evidence was tested was, as the weight of the initial evidence compelled it to be, that Oswald acting alone was the killer. The question about the Warren Commission, as about any fact-finding body, is whether it made proper use of its working hypothesis. Did it close its mind to other possibilities? Did it refuse to deal with evidence inconsistent with its hypothesis? Did it suppress evidence? The answer to all these questions revealed by perusal of the report is an emphatic negative. Only someone irrevocably wedded to a contrary hypothesis could honestly (or would dishonestly) say that the Warren Commission was guilty of faults such as these.

One of the revisionists has said that when the full truth is known the Warren Commission report "will rank in history with the finding that

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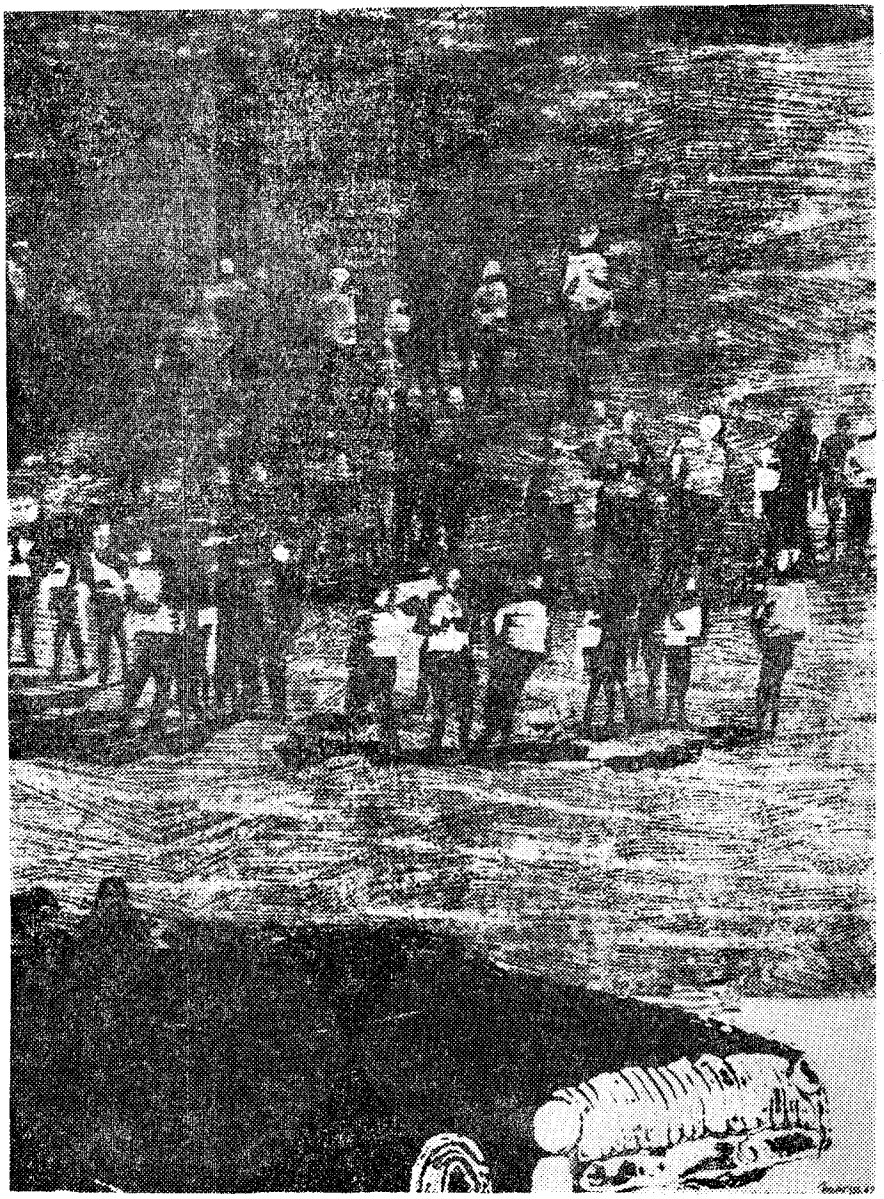
Dreyfus was guilty of treason." The comparison is instructive, for it presents us with a measure of what would have had to be the case for the Warren Commission to suppress or ignore the truth about the President's assassination. The Dreyfus case involved a corrupt conspiracy among a reactionary group of French army officers to promote their own political ends by pinning the theft of certain secret documents on a Jewish army officer and, later, by suppressing evidence of his innocence. It would have required rottenness in an entire caste to achieve its purpose; in the end it failed because even in as monolithic a group as the French officer corps there was a Colonel Picquart who refused to be even a silent party to such degradation. The revisionists would have us believe that a similar conspiracy must have existed among the much more diverse group who made up the commission and its staff. It will take more than vague references to "the Establishment" to demonstrate the common bias of Earl Warren and Richard Russell, or the sinister motives that would unite John J. McCloy and Hale Boggs in a conspiracy to suppress the truth. And, of course, the issue extends beyond the seven members of the commission, on whom most of the revisionist fire has been concentrated. Any conspiracy to suppress evidence must also have included the staff, consisting mostly of outstanding young lawyers, several of them of distinctly liberal political persuasion, one of whom has had the compliment of being denounced on the floor of Congress as unfit to serve with the commission because of his membership in the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee and the American Civil Liberties Union. Only someone deeply ignorant of American society or deeply committed to a belief in its corruption, or both, could seriously maintain that a conspiracy of silence has been maintained by this group.

The commission's report convincingly demonstrates, as I have said, that Oswald, acting alone, was the assassin of the President. Let us consider now the significance of "acting alone." All that has been shown convincingly is that the immediate physical acts were those of Oswald alone. That has been demonstrated beyond reasonable doubt. The commission "found no evidence that anyone assisted Oswald in planning or carrying out the assassination." We may expect revisionist theories to move now from the discredited assertion that Oswald was not the killer or the sole killer to the much less disprovable assertion that he was the instrument of a conspiracy. We may also expect that the theories will all be variations on the theme that the conspiracy was composed of Texas oil millionaires or of Soviet (or perhaps Chinese or Cuban) agents, depending on the views of the proponent. It is necessary to admit that the commission did not succeed in excluding the possibility that Oswald was the instrument of either a rightist or a Communist conspiracy. Nor did it exclude the possibility that he was acting as the agent of Revilo P. Oliver or Mark Lane. It is a little difficult to see how the commission, or any other human agency, could have done so. Even their careful review of what could be learned about Oswald's past could not fashion a net so fine that no significant event or acquaintance might slip through. Anyone who supposes that the commission could silence doubts of this order is deluded. We may confidently expect a spate of theories about Oswald's motivation. And it is not beyond the realm of possibility that one of them may turn out to have something to it. The commission's report did not purport to close what is obviously an unclosable door.

The revisionists have already fallen out among themselves. Mr. Leo



"Dallas, November 22, 1963"

These woodcuts by Antonio Frasconi are part of an exhibition now being shown by the Terry Dintenfass Gallery, New York

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Sauvage, who alone among them had the comparative good sense to ask questions rather than propound answers, has scornfully dismissed the third-rate James Bond thriller produced by Mr. Thomas Buchanan. We have yet to see whether Mr. Sauvage wishes to stand by his assertion that the case against Oswald is "a tissue of improbabilities, contradictions, and outright falsifications." The case of which he spoke was, of course, the case made to the press by the incredible antics of the Dallas authorities in the weekend of the assassination. That is not the case made by the Warren Commission. But the revisionists have already demonstrated that they intend to go on flogging a dead horse. Mr. Mark Lane, currently the most active of their number, has produced an appraisal that performs the interesting feat of attacking the report without once confronting its central findings. Instead, he devotes himself to the easy but now irrelevant task of attacking the inaccuracies in District Attorney Wade's oafish public statements. And Mr. Lane has the temerity to assert that he has the name of a witness to the Tippit shooting that the commission does not know about, without vouchsafing an explanation of his refusal to reveal the name when he testified before the commission.

What was merely tiresome in the days before the commission made its report is now mischievous. Mr. Lane and his friends are of course entitled to carry on. But they deserve attention if, and only if, they confront the central findings of the commission and demonstrate their falsity in any regard. These findings, to repeat, are: (1) *All the wounds sustained by President Kennedy and Governor Connally were inflicted by bullets fired from the rear and above.* (2) *All the shots were fired from the sixth-floor window of the Texas School Book Depository (TSBD).* (3) *The shots were fired from the Mannlicher-Carcano rifle found on the sixth floor of the TSBD.* (4) *Oswald was the owner of the rifle used in the assassination.* (5) *The shots could have been and probably were fired by Oswald.* None of these findings depends on resolving conflicts among eyewitnesses of the kind abundantly present in the perception of any disturbing event. This central core of physical evidence is the case against Lee Harvey Oswald. It is the case that would have had to be discredited in a court of law if Oswald had lived to be tried. It is the case that the revisionists must discredit if they wish us to believe that their a priori view of history happens this time to record a fact rather than an ideologue's fantasy.

So much for the central and so far unshakable core of the commission's findings. It needs to be sharply distinguished from some peripheral aspects that involve either issues of fact upon which judgment must for the moment remain suspended, or issues of opinion upon which controversy will continue for a long time to come. I shall give some examples of each. First, there is the finding that Oswald attempted to kill Maj. Gen. Edwin Walker in April, 1963. This finding rests on evidence very different in quality from that which we have been discussing. First, there is a note in Oswald's handwriting that could have been (but was not proved to be) written just before the attempt on Walker's life and that is consistent with the theory that Oswald intended to make such an attempt. Second, pictures of General Walker's house taken with a camera owned by Oswald were found among his effects. Third, the evidence of ballistics experts tended to show that the bullet allegedly fired at General Walker could have come from Oswald's rifle.

All of this adds up to not a great deal. What persuaded the commission that Oswald was Walker's assailant appears primarily to be the testimony of Oswald's wife. The commission obviously concluded that Mrs. Oswald was a truthful witness. Without studying the transcript of her testimony and, particularly, without evaluating the quality of the commission's examination of her story, one simply has no basis for reaching a judgment as to whether the commission's reliance on Mrs. Oswald's testimony was well founded. This is just one of several instances in which what I have described as the premature release of the report is unfortunate.

A second pair of instances involves the testimony of the principal eyewitnesses to the shootings: Howard Brennan, who observed the assassin at the sixth-floor window and later identified him as Oswald, and Helen Markham, who seems to have been the main witness to Patrolman Tippit's slaying. While the commission's report appears to contain a fair appraisal of possible inconsistencies in their testimony (particularly Mrs. Markham's), an independent evaluation of their probative value, difficult at best, is impossible without access to the transcript of their examinations. It will be recalled that the commission, in one of several public reversals of its announced policy, decided to appoint counsel to represent Oswald's interests. I disagree with Professor Maurice Rosenberg's appraisal, expressed in these pages a few weeks ago ["The Warren Commission," September 14], that this decision represented an inevitable (and if I read him correctly, a desirable) recognition of the essentially adversary quality of the inquiry. Rather, it seems to me that the commission compromised the integrity of the distinctive fact-finding process for which it was constituted by making the appointment. But that is water over the dam. The question is whether the quality of the commission's process was improved by the participation of the counsel who in some metaphysical sense "represented Oswald's interests." No better evidence on that subject should be available than the quality and extent of the examination by Oswald's counsel of the alleged eyewitnesses to the two slayings. Judgment on that issue will, again, have to await the publication of the transcript volumes.

Finally, there are the portions of the commission's findings that express judgments on matters of policy extrinsic to the central question of what, physically, happened in Dallas between 12:30 and 1:50 on the afternoon of November 22, 1963. Among the several issues of public importance canvassed by the commission, two stand out as calling for critical comment: the implied conclusion that Oswald's custodial treatment by the police was proper, and the absence of any specific condemnatory conclusion about the public statements of Chief of Police Curry and District Attorney Wade. One suspects that these matters gave the commission some difficulty. Chapter V, which deals with Oswald's detention and death, is the only substantive chapter in the report that does not contain in its text separately stated conclusions (aside from Chapter II, which is simply a

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narrative of the assassination). Instead, one has to pick out from the text isolated conclusory statements like the one ascribing "primary responsibility" for having failed to control the press to the Dallas Police Department (a statement not picked up in the mild slap on the wrist administered to the Dallas authorities in the introductory statement of Conclusions). The clear implication is that there were irreconcilable views within the commission on either the nature of the value judgments to be made or on the desirability of making them. What will appear to many as an ethical failure on the commission's part is likely, I think, to impair the report's lasting quality as a state paper.

The commission goes to extraordinary lengths to avoid the conclusion that Oswald was effectively deprived of the assistance of counsel during the crucial hours of his interrogation both before and after being formally "arraigned" (or, with technical accuracy, advised of the charges against him) for the two murders. The commission suppresses no facts but it draws (or, perhaps, avoids not drawing) a conclusion quite at variance with the facts. The facts are: (1) on Friday representatives of the ACLU tried to see Oswald; (2) on Saturday he tried unsuccessfully to phone John Abt in New York; (3) on Saturday afternoon he declined an offer of aid from the Dallas Bar Association, saying that he preferred Abt or, as a second choice, an ACLU lawyer; (4) he in fact saw no lawyer. We do not know whether Oswald was ever told that ACLU representatives were prepared to supply him with counsel; it seems a fair assumption that if he had been apprised of this immediately available assistance and had declined to accept it, that fact would have been disclosed. What emerges, then, is a clear case of deprivation by omission. The Dallas police knew that Oswald wanted a lawyer and knew that one he was prepared to accept was immediately available. Instead of informing him of the availability of immediate aid from a source they knew he trusted, the police chose to play a game of blindman's buff. If Oswald had lived to be tried, the incriminatory false statements that he made during his interrogation would in all likelihood have been held inadmissible in evidence against him, under recent decisions of the other tribunal over which Earl Warren presides. One suspects that, unlike that other tribunal, the Warren Commission discouraged dissenting opinions and followed a rule of unanimity: nothing was expressed that did not command the assent of all its members. And so the opportunity was lost to affirm standards of police practice that were disgracefully flouted in Dallas.

Equally disappointing is the gingerly treatment of Messrs. Curry and Wade. It is true, as the commission said, that their "sometimes erroneous" statements would have presented "serious obstacles" to a fair trial and that those same statements helped to create "doubts, speculations, and fears" that might otherwise not have arisen. But surely that is not all, or even the gist, of what needed to be said and what the commission should have said: that the conduct of these mountebanks, quite apart from its instrumental consequences, was an ugly and squalid perversion of the law-enforcement process, all the more deplorable because so familiar.

The verdict of history will be a long time coming. We have not seen the end of this affair. What the Warren Commission has done is to refute or render irrelevant the speculations of those who, out of whatever aberrant needs, still refuse to believe that Oswald, Ruby and the Dallas authorities were what they appear to be and not something more sinister. Most of those who on that fatal day leaped to a conclusion about who in Dallas would kill John F. Kennedy have since accepted or will now accept their disappointment. The die-hard revisionists now must start over again. That is the measure of the commission's achievement, and it is no mean one.

America's 'Dirty' War . . . . . Chandler Davidson

When Henri Alleg's *La Question* first appeared in France in 1958, it was almost immediately banned, which no doubt stimulated its wide circulation. Alleg, the Communist editor of *Alger Républicain*, had supported the Algerian rebellion, and was consequently seized by French paratroopers and tortured unmercifully. *La Question*, the account of his "interrogation," was recognized by the government as a politically explosive indictment of the French war.

It is impossible accurately to assess the influence which the revelation of widespread torture and brutality by French troops had upon the course of the war; but it is evident that the government was correct in predicting its effect upon important segments of France's intellectual community. The public outrage of those for whom Gestapo-administered brutalities were still a poignant memory was undoubtedly a contributing cause of the war's denouement at Evian-les-Bains.

In the light of these facts, the strange silence of Americans faced by similar brutalities, committed both by our personnel and by the troops we are advising and maintaining in South Vietnam, is puzzling. One would have thought that in the course of a conflict which has remained relatively unpopular

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among the public at large, many intellectuals would have been quick to point out, at the very least, that a serious moral issue is raised by our waging of a "dirty" war.

But this has not been the case. A few people, certainly, have pleaded for a settlement. In some quarters there have been hints that our Vietnamese venture has been impolitic, or strategically inadvisable—or in any case, costly. But such utilitarian regrets are wholly different in character from the anguished accusation of savagery which was directed by Frenchmen at their own government.

Is it, perhaps, that not many people are aware of the kind of war to which the United States gives at least tacit moral support? That seems unlikely. *Life* magazine carried a picture story in its June 12 issue, "In Color: Ugly War in Vietnam," which depicted at close range the stunning horror of American-supported activities in that country. Excerpting from the text:

A unit of Vietnamese soldiers, sent to take a Vietcong-controlled village near the Cambodian border, landed by helicopter. The village had been bombarded from the air and the soldiers met no resistance. They found no men except old men helping the women put out the fires. But, searching thoroughly, they flushed 43 guerrillas out of hiding in dugouts, dragged them out and set about learning where the weapons were hidden.

The Vietnamese commander whipped the captives with a bamboo cane and booted them as they lay trussed on the ground. The women and children watched the torture of their husbands and fathers with steady faces. The guerrillas were jackknifed into positions of agony. They were held under the river's surface and tortured with water that was forced into their noses. Rags were put over their faces and then water was poured over the rags to give the impression of drowning. Photographer Okamura protested: this seemed needless and cruel. A soldier replied, "But this is my duty." But the prisoners would not talk.

The pictures were of young men in civilian clothes, faces frozen in the manner of wounded animals, incapable of grasping the portent of their agony.

The water torture method, which seems to be a favorite because the apparatus can be easily improvised, is described in detail by Alleg:

With the rag already over my face, L— held my nose. He tried to jam a piece of wood between my lips in such a way that I could not close my mouth or spit out the tube.

When everything was ready, he said to me: "When you want to talk, all you have to do is move your fingers." And he turned on the tap. The rag was soaked rapidly. Water flowed everywhere: in my mouth, in my nose, all over my face. But for a while I could still breathe in some small gulps of air. I tried, by contracting my throat, to take in as little water as possible and to resist suffocation. But I couldn't hold on for more than a few moments. I had the impression of drowning, and a terrible agony, that of death itself, took possession of me. In spite of myself, all the muscles of my body struggled uselessly to save me from suffocation. In spite of myself, all the fingers of both of my hands shook uncontrollably. . . .

Torture, of course, is not limited to the field of military operations. There is reason to believe that it is widely practiced on "political" prisoners, many of whom have been jailed on the flimsiest of pretenses. As soon as America washed its hands of Diem, reporters were free to recount in detail the macabre conditions under which untold numbers of prisoners lived during his regime. An Associated Press dispatch appearing in *The New York Times* of November 9, 1963, date lined Saigon, ran as follows:

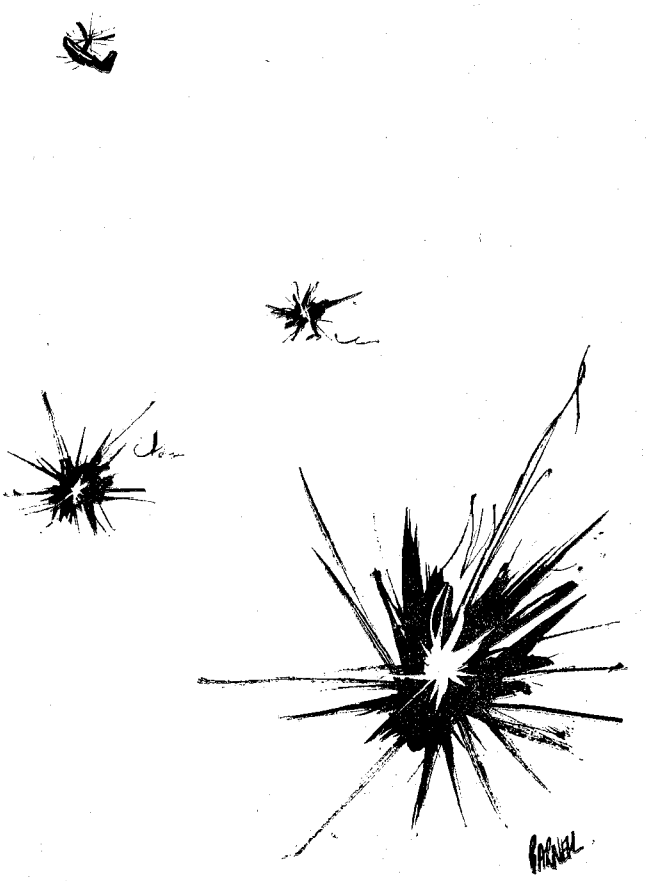
"They stripped me, tied me over a bench, choked me with water and a towel and beat me until I was unconscious," the young typist said with an embarrassed smile.

"It happened last Friday," she said, "only a few hours before President Ngo Dinh Diem's government collapsed. . . ."

The typist is Miss Hoang Thi Dong, 29 years old, an employee of the British Embassy and an ardent Buddhist.

She was one of the thousands of "political detainees" who felt the power of the secret police. Many [sic] *of the prisoners are free now and are telling for the first time what it was like in the Ngo regime's concentration camps.* [That is not wholly correct. As early as Jan. 3, 1958, before the war had begun, a detailed report concerning conditions in Diem's prisons was given by a member of Parliament, Tran Ngoc Ban, who was later arrested, to the South Vietnam National Assembly—a report which could not have been ignored by the United States Embassy.]

Scores of students of both sexes



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say that they had been forced to drink quarts of soapy water until they bled.

One young girl . . . said electrodes from the generator of a field radio were attached to her breasts. Many United States military advisers and foreign newsmen have seen variations of this torture applied to Vietcong suspects [sic] *in the field.*

An employee of the United States aid mission . . . told of his experience.

"There was a tiny cell," he said, "forty-six prisoners were locked inside, and the cell was under the sun. Many became unconscious."

At least one student . . . died of torture, his liver ruptured with truncheons. . . .

Fingers were chopped off some prisoners' hands. Others were blinded. . . .

In some instances, the U. S. was guilty of more than connivance. According to *The New York Times*, September 9, 1963, the CIA continued to give the Vietnamese Special Forces a monthly sum of $250,000 even after the latter conducted their raids of Buddhist pagodas on August 21 of that year.

Has the situation in prisons changed since Diem was overthrown? It is difficult to say. However, one can make an educated guess. Although both the Minh and Khanh regimes let up somewhat on the Buddhists due to internal political pressure, Helen Lamb, writing in May, claims that "there are today some 28,000 political prisoners who are still in jail and who have never even been brought to trial." ("The Tragedy of Vietnam: Where Do We Go From Here?," Basic Pamphlets.) Too, some of the recent demonstrations of the Vietnamese Buddhists have been directed against alleged repressive police measures. According to *Le Monde*, August 20, a recent protest of two Buddhist leaders "accuses the government of Gen. Khanh of 'taking advantage of the war against communism in order to terrorize and oppress innocent persons.'"

There is little to suggest that Khanh is more humane than Diem. His unsuccessful attempt at tightening the reins on his police state in August (with the reportedly "qualified approval" of Ambassador Taylor) should attest to that. Nor is there reason to assume that any other individual or junta the U. S. might choose to install in Saigon would show greater tenderness.

The recourse to torture and other types of brutality in military operations has generally been less difficult to establish, presumably because it seems morally more defensible, especially if the other side is also engaged in it.

Shortly after his expulsion from Vietnam in 1962, Homer Bigart of *The New York Times* described the war as "a struggle that has shocked American military observers with its senseless brutality. American advisers have seen Vietcong prisoners summarily shot. They have encountered the charred bodies of women and children destroyed by napalm bombs." Indeed, American "advisers" were dropping some of those very bombs. Richard Tregaskis' *Vietnam Diary* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1963) quotes an American pilot as saying: "Down there, you have pretty solid VC [Vietcong] areas, where you can assume everybody is an enemy. . . . One chopper would go first, and when the people would go running, the second plane would spray 'em." Another said: "It's [difficult] going through a village after a napalm strike." Tregaskis continues:

I knew what he meant. Part of the job of an infantry adviser is to make reports of Air Force bombing raids, and that means napalm: that searing, incendiary jelly which burns flesh and keeps on burning, and which sometimes is dropped by the fast-moving straight-wing planes on the wrong targets, sometimes with pitiful results among women and children. Even if they are VC's, as Capt. Hanson said before, it's not very pretty.

Roger Hilsman, former Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, recently interviewed in *Newsweek*, gives by implication some idea of the ratio of *suspected* Vietcong to villagers necessary to warrant a napalm raid: "When you bomb a village of 3,000 people which perhaps five Vietcong have infiltrated, you are going to create a lot more than five Vietcong by the time you are finished bombing."

In his article cited above, Bigart says, "One rarely sees a uniformed Vietcong guerrilla. . . . Thus, many of the 'enemy' dead reported by the South Vietnam government were ordinary peasants shot down because they had fled from villages as troops entered. Some may have been Vietcong sympathizers but others were running away because they did not want to be rounded up for military conscription or forced labor." And in a recent letter to *Newsweek*, an ARVN [Vietnam Army] lieutenant colonel wrote: "The man who happens to come and tell us how to distinguish a Vietnamese communist from a peasant will be our greatest benefactor."

Indiscriminate napalm strikes are only one facet of brutality. As Bigart says, summary shooting of prisoners is common. Tregaskis quotes a Marine chaplain: "Adamson said he doesn't understand 'the attitude of Orientals' toward killing and death. He told of one mission out of Soctrang when they brought some Arvin [ARVN troops] in for a landing in VC territory: 'I knew these were supposed to be green troops, it was solid VC territory, and

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maybe they were nervous — but there was a Vietnamese woman with three children. She grabbed one up, the Arvin shot the two older ones and the kid in her arms, and shot her in the belly.'"

Beating, caning, pistol whipping is apparently so common it doesn't merit opprobrium (here or in Vietnam), as witness this cavalier account in *Newsweek*, June 8:

Vietcong Sgt. Maj. Doan Lot was sore and bruised from the pistol-whipping he had received at the hands of his captors. But the pain was easily forgotten in his amazed relief at still being alive. A few days earlier, while walking along a jungle trail, he had been ambushed by a patrol of South Vietnamese Rangers. Instead of butchering him on the spot, as the terrified young guerrilla had expected, they merely beat him to loosen his tongue ("My own people do that too," he said.) and then hustled him off to Saigon for interrogation. It didn't take much persuasion to make him talk.

The strategic hamlet program is a case par excellence of methodized cruelty on a widely practiced scale. Bernard B. Fall, in *The New Republic*, February 22, estimates that the regroupment program has involved "close to nine million people [in a population of 15 million] most of whom did not want to be moved." Many were ousted from their native villages immediately before harvest. "Regroupment," of course, involved not simply a change of location but, in general, an involuntary transferral from one's own village to a concentration camp in a distant area.

Is it because such atrocities have slackened off that protests are not being raised? That hardly seems plausible. In fact, before the "end" (whether this means withdrawal by the U.S. or an escalation of the conflict), the ARVN and its American advisers may grow increasingly savage as their situation becomes more frustrating.

A recent article in *The New York Times* is ominous in this regard. Date lined Manila, it said, in part:

A Roman Catholic soldier-priest, whose parish lies in guerrilla-infested South Vietnamese territory, charged today that cruelty was being used in a war against the Communists. . . . He said South Vietnamese leaders were placing priority on winning the war rather than winning the people. . . . He added: "How can we explain to a mother when her child is burned by napalm? And how can we expect a young man to fight for us when his aged father was killed by artillery fire? Indeed, how can we claim to be with the people when we burn their homes simply because those houses happen to be in the Vietcong-controlled territory?"

The priest, Rev. Augustine Nguyen Lac Hoa, is the famous organizer and leader of the Army of Sea Swallows, a group of anti-Communist guerrillas who have been fighting in Vietnam for six years, and who were praised in 1962 by Gen. Lyman L. Lemnitzer, then chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

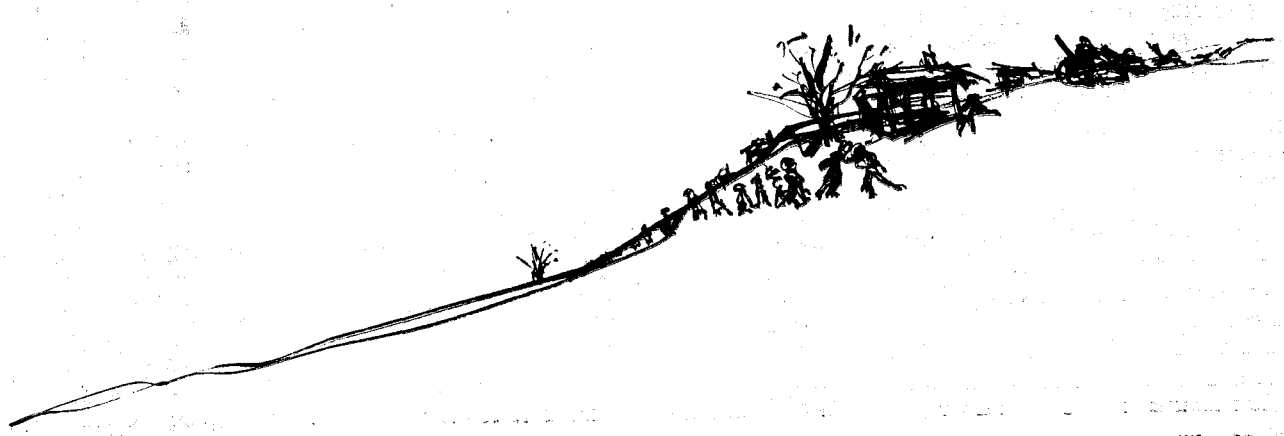
The evidence strongly suggests that the United States is sanctioning, and to an important extent participating in, brutalities of a more vicious nature and on a wider scale than have been permitted by this country in recent military history. Not only have we chosen to reply to the enemy in kind—something we generally did not do in the face of Nazi or Japanese atrocities during World War II—but we have also resorted to the slaughtering of civilian nonbelligerents, either for their suspected complicity with the Vietcong, or simply, as seems apparent in some cases, *pour encourager les autres*.

That such tactics by a civilized nation are unthinkable is beyond debate, but there are also practical considerations which weigh heavily against the continued waging of a "dirty" war. It is evident that the strength of the Vietnamese revolution stems directly from the use of violence and terror by the South Vietnamese Government. Acts of savagery on the part of the ARVN and their advisers have continually won new support for the Vietcong. As a former USIS employee in Vietnam recently commented, it is ironic that Cambodia, the only Indo-Chinese state not furnished U.S. military assistance, is also the only one not faced with an indigenous Communist revolution.

There is another consideration as well. The "style" of an army—especially one as large and as professionalized as ours—can influence the temper of the civilian population. What kind of future citizen will a soldier make who has been inured to animalistic practices condoned not only by his immediate superiors but, implicitly, by his government? And how will he feel toward Asiatics (and other non-Caucasians)? Tregaskis uncovered the inevitable turn of mind which habituation to brutality occasions.

He quotes a Marine officer: "'These Vietnamese are amazing people. I've seen 'em gut-shot, head-shot. They don't feel it at all—or if they feel it, they don't show it.'" Tregaskis, while condemning the view, makes it explicit: "At any rate, I believe Major Blaydes was trying to say that Asians have to be measured by different standards from those of Americans and Europeans, that a different scale of values has to be set up before you can make any judgment of the way the new American method of war is being employed."

Finally, there is the problem of how such a war will affect the



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American populace at large—the noncombatants who will never know the horrors of Vietnam first hand. It is worth entertaining as a serious hypothesis that the war in which no holds are barred will, in time, drastically alter the moral structure of the society which wages it. Certainly many of the ethical problems which continue to haunt Germany stem from the way Hitler fought his war: his use of torture and terror, planned genocide, mass retaliation for individual acts; in short, his espousal of the maxim that a holy war justifies any means.

It is widely known that one purpose of our engagement in Vietnam is to perfect the new American method of war for possible use elsewhere—perhaps in Africa or Latin America. If this concept of warfare is not forcefully rejected in the near future, its practical application may constitute the United States' primary contribution to the world revolution of rising expectations. Surely foreign aid, the Alliance for Progress, the Peace Corps represent more hopeful alternatives.

The Outcast of Lebanon . . . Robert G. Hummerstone

Lebanon, Pa.

One dark night last February, the police dragged James N. Snavely out of his home and took him before a justice of the peace, who fined him $53 for failing to license a dog. A few days later, a voice on the phone warned his wife: "I'm going to kill your little boy, and I'm going to cut your heart out."

On the street, Snavely and his family are stared at and insulted. On a bus, one old lady snarled at him: "You son of a bitch." His mail is filled with threatening and abusive letters, one of which contained a picture of himself, cut from a newspaper, with the eyes burned out and an X drawn over the heart. The tires on his car have been slashed, and the regulator wires cut. Police had to be assigned to protect the Snavely family.

This is not a recital of Gestapo terror tactics. It is, rather, the way in which the citizens of Lebanon, Pa., have expressed their sense of outrage on discovering a dissenter in their midst. When the local school board defied the Supreme Court ban on prayer and Bible reading in the public schools, Snavely protested. The result: Snavely and his family have become pariahs in their own home town.

Regardless of the issue of religion in the public schools, what happened to Snavely raises serious doubts as to whether the right of an ordinary individual to differ with the majority is still inviolate in the America of 1964.

To Snavely, the point is a simple one: "It isn't what I believe in that's important here. It's that I have a right to believe in what I want to believe in."

Snavely, a husky, balding 41-year-old father of four, earns $3,400 a year repairing parking meters for the city. An intelligent, earthy and practical man, he is also an individualist who built his own house in the woods because he was too poor to afford anything else. He cuts his children's hair and grows his own vegetables to save money.

Snavely is also an amateur specialist in constitutional history and law. So when he felt he was being deprived of his rights, he rebelled, and refused to let anyone—even the combined powers of Lebanon—deprive him of them. He had been protesting religious practices in the public schools for four years—to no avail—when the Supreme Court handed down its Bible-reading decision in June, 1963.

Resentment against the Court rose throughout the country, but nowhere was it higher than in the gray little steel town of Lebanon (population, 30,000). There, in the heart of rural Pennsylvania's "Bible Belt," the fundamentalist logic of the people saw the Court's decision as an attack on God. Lost in the emotion were the complexities of the argument for civil liberties.

As the schools opened in September, 1963, the Cornwall-Lebanon Suburban Joint School Board heeded the cry of its outraged electorate, and declared that daily prayers would be retained in the schools under its jurisdiction. When the state attorney general ordered compliance with the Court ruling, the school board ignored him. And Lebanon's only newspaper, the *Daily News*, threatened that any dissenter would lead a miserable life in Lebanon.

Snavely watched in disbelief as the local authorities defied federal law. When his protests continued to fail, he secured help from the American Civil Liberties Union and challenged the school board's action in court. With that, all of Lebanon's resentment against the distant Supreme Court turned on Snavely. He had become the devil's lieutenant among people who believe in the devil. It mattered not that late in February the school board yielded. Snavely remained as a living symbol of the town's frustration.

He was arrested on a fifteen-month-old charge. Snavely had protested, when the issue first came up, that the dogs on his wooded property were strays that did not belong to him and that he could not control. The court had rejected the original case because the justice of the peace, Mary C. Spallone, had turned in a "faulty transcript."

The case then lay dormant until, at the height of the prayer and Bible-reading dispute, the *Daily News* raised the question in city hall. Snavely was taken from his home, brought before Mrs. Spallone again and fined $53—all in a matter of minutes.

Snavely protested, claiming harassment for his unpopular position on Bible reading. Support came from Pennsylvania's attorney general, Walter E. Alessandroni. He called the incident "a flagrant miscarriage of justice," brought on by "improper pressures." He reprimanded Mrs. Spallone for "a total ignorance of the law," and said that the actions of the arresting dog-law officer "cast considerable doubt upon his motives." He added: "The fact that this action was directed at a person at a time when he was engaged in a highly unpopular litigation magnifies its purpose and effect." Snavely appealed the conviction and it was reversed.

Despite outside support, however,

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Snavely is still an outcast in Lebanon. What made Lebanon's reaction so much more violent than it had been elsewhere?

"This community has the yoke of religion around its neck," Snavely said. "Fundamentalism colors all religions. There are churches in this town where people literally come rolling out the doors. And this makes the reputable religions hard-pressed to compete with the fringe sects."

According to Snavely, jobs are scarce in Lebanon, and the unions weak. "This gives the churches a tighter grip on the town. To get a job at the local factories, you have to get a recommendation from your minister." Lebanon's power structure—which Snavely has challenged—is an inbred mixture of old families, small businessmen and Pennsylvania Dutch farmers that effectively imposes its standards on all who live there.

The population is overwhelmingly Republican, conservative and Protestant. Dissenters are few, and unwelcome. In the midst of this lives James Snavely—Democrat, liberal and nonbeliever.

Snavely has been fighting the *status quo* in school religion since his oldest child, Victoria, began school four years ago:

> *I refused to let Vicki participate in some prayer meetings run by a private outfit named Child Evangelism, Inc. The teacher gave her hell, and when I complained, I got a letter from the principal—on school stationery—telling me I'd better send her. Of course I didn't.*

Snavely said he then found out that the teacher was leaving his daughter all alone in the classroom while she taught Bible class to the other children in a nearby firehouse on school time. This stopped after Snavely complained. "Instead, she'd sit and read Vicki Bible stories. When I asked my daughter what they were about, she said they were about bad children burning alive. Another time, one of the kids' teachers separated the class. Kids who went to church had to sit on one side of the room; those who didn't sat on the other side."

Snavely continued to protest, but he began to worry about the effect of his protests on his children. "I didn't want the kids to be nonconformists, or to disrespect authority. But I didn't want them disrespecting me, either, because I don't go to church."

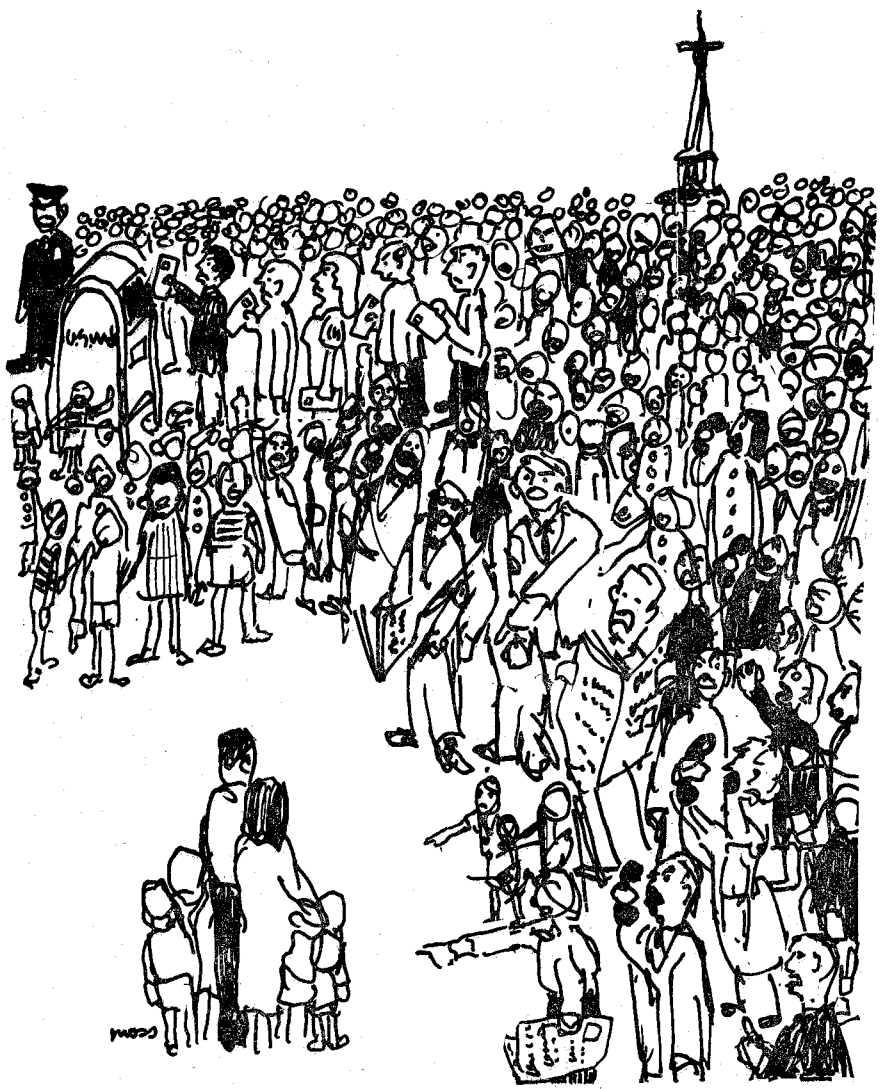
What makes a man protest when he knows it will incur the enmity of all about him? "I've been a dissenter ever since I was a kid," Snavely explains. "I've always sympathized with the average guy—I believe he is basically decent. And I hate to see him manipulated by a few slick operators playing on his emotions."

Snavely said that his father had also gotten into trouble for attempting to fight for what he thought was right. "He was fired as superintendent of schools in Newcastle, Del., twenty-five years ago when he tried to put sex education in his schools. Now it's commonplace. In twenty-five years, people will agree with me on Bible reading."

Forced to drop out of high school when his father died, Snavely has a great respect for the value of education. "When my dad died, I couldn't go to college. But I hoped that by showing some guts, I would encourage some of the more intelligent people in town to speak out. They've stayed silent, though, and let the bigots whip up the people."

Snavely told me that his ancestors were the original settlers of Lebanon. "Isaac Snavely the Elder came here from Germany—to escape religious persecution—back in 1730." As an afterthought, he added: "Can you imagine, some guy the other day told me to go back to Russia?" He is a large, gregarious man who gives the impression of enjoying his notoriety. "They'll probably try to force me out of my job when all the heat is off, but I'll stay and fight. I belong here. If it wasn't for guys like me, there'd be no freedom of religion."

A supporter of Snavely agrees. "If Snavely hadn't been given this opportunity, he'd find something else," said Hyland White, news director of WLBR in Lebanon. "But we need people like this. There are



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many people secretly delighted that someone's carrying the banner."

If Snavely's life has been made difficult by his one-man stand, his wife and four children—aged 10, 8, 5 and 4—have suffered more. The children have been punished by their teachers and ridiculed by their classmates for refusing to recite daily prayers. Eric, 8, was disciplined by one of his teachers, who is the wife of a local minister.

One unsigned letter printed by the *Daily News* charged Mrs. Snavely with "shaking a rug out the window stark naked," and leaving the door "open so the goats could wander in and out." A shy, sensitive person, she does not enjoy the battle as her husband does, but she is resigned to it. "What scared me most was the phone calls," she said. "One morning, after Jim went to work, a man called and said he was going to kill Eric and cut my guts out. When I hung up, I was scared to death. Jim came home and called the police." For a week after that, a police officer rode in the school bus with the Snavely children.

"I'm afraid to stay here by myself now," Mrs. Snavely said. "There are no neighbors for half a mile. When Jim goes to work, I stay in town with my sister-in-law, Lucille." Although frightened, Mrs. Snavely showed no signs of losing her faith in her husband. "This won't end for him until he dies," she said. "If it's not one thing, it's another. He's been in this type of thing since I've known him." She suddenly looked worried. "But this is the worst thing yet. He's only one man, and he can take just so much."

Snavely has admirers, although few would have done what he did. One who counts himself Snavely's friend is Frank Gabriel, president of the Young Democratic Club. "I admire the man for his courage. I myself wouldn't have done it. When this dies down, he's finished—he's out of a job. And politically, the man is poison."

"Many people in this town were considering doing what Snavely did—people who are better known," said Hyland White. "And every one of them backed out after considering the abuse his family would have suffered." White has been one of the few voices in Lebanon to counsel moderation on the Bible-reading issue. Snavely credits White with attempting to bring the controversy into perspective and explain it to the people. And he blames the *Daily News* for stirring up the violent reaction to his stand.

"These Pennsylvania Dutch are patriotic, but gullible," Snavely said. "They believe whatever the Lebanon *Daily News* tells them. The people of this area would have accepted the Supreme Court's decision peacefully if the paper hadn't inflamed them by implying that it was all a plot against God."

White stated it more directly:

When the school board voted to defy the Supreme Court, the newspaper ran an editorial warning anyone who didn't agree to keep quiet or life would be made uncomfortable for them here. When Snavely had the gall to defy them, they smeared him. And when the American Civil Liberties Union stepped in to help Snavely, they tried to smear it as a Communist front. They went back thirty-five years to get material against the ACLU.

This paper exploited the issue as one of many right-wing causes it espouses—such as impeaching Earl Warren. They've got a very volatile managing editor.

As a journalist, White was highly critical of the manner in which the *News* handled the Snavely controversy—especially its choice of letters to publish. "Where does journalistic responsibility begin?" he asked.

The managing editor and co-publisher of the *News*, Adam S. Wilder, defended his handling of the issue. He believes it is a newspaper's responsibility to alert public opinion on important issues. And he frankly admits that one of the reasons his paper supports school prayer so heavily is that the practice is so popular in the community.

In an editorial at the height of the controversy, Wilder's newspaper blamed the state attorney general for raising the issue. The attorney general, it said, "incorrectly" ruled that the Supreme Court's decision banned "permissive" school prayer as well as compulsory. "It's been constitutional to pray in school for 180 years," Wilder said perplexedly. "I don't see why we can't pray now."

This smiling, friendly man, who seems anything but a "volatile" crusader, also admits that it was his newspaper that raised the question of the unsettled dog case when Snavely took the school board to court. "Snavely was the most prominent figure in the news at the time, so anything about him would have been of interest to our readers."

Wilder denies, however, any personal campaign against Snavely. "I could have Snavely fired tomorrow if I wanted. The Mayor and I grew up side by side. But I don't want to make it a personal issue."

Anyway, Wilder said, Snavely was not important, but was merely serving as a "cat's-paw" for someone else, although he didn't say who. "I doubt very much that Snavely has strong convictions on anything. He just wants the publicity."

The startling thing about the entire controversy is that one relatively poor man could have provoked the rich and powerful of Lebanon to such depths of bitterness. Ordinarily reasonable men lose all perspective in discussing the Snavely case.

Charles W. Mellinger, the school board's chief advocate of Bible reading, is one of the leaders of the community. This successful businessman is well-mannered and personally attractive, but at the mention of Snavely, his tone changes. Discussing his town's violent reaction to Snavely, he "can't see any harm" in the denunciations of Snavely by local politicians and the newspaper. "There was no intent to abuse; it was to help." He was asked if he felt that the end of defeating Snavely justified the means of doing it. "Yes," he said, "it does."

Some other leaders in Lebanon are beginning to disagree. Although they remained silent during Snavely's darkest hours, many of them now privately concede that fighting Snavely did not justify the damage it did to the community. For despite all the expensive litigation of the school board, all the exhortations of the newspaper, and all the threats against the Snavely family, there are today no religious devotions in the Lebanon schools. There is, instead, a residue of deep bitterness in Lebanon, and a loss of prestige for the city elsewhere.

"I hate to see this town's name dragged in the mud," said Alvin B. Lewis, Jr., Lebanon's young district attorney. "We're trying to attract new industry, and we had been moving ahead in the past few years. Now, a few people can undo all this hard work."

When the hatred finally dies down, it will remain to be seen who was the real loser in this controversy: James Snavely or the city of Lebanon.

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Blind Man's Bluff

COLD FRIDAY. By Whittaker Chambers. Random House. 327 pp. $5.95.

David Cort

Whittaker Chambers was an archetype of something central to the American experience. To either friend or foe, however, this posthumous assemblage of his terminal ruminations does not quite make clear exactly what that was. Let me help.

He was a product of a decadent white Anglo-Saxon Protestant family, lost and atomized in a gray New York suburb. For such people it is vital both to repudiate what they are, and to invent something else to believe in. Whittaker did not get to Columbia until he was all of 19, fat and dirty and rumpled, with a curious gleam in his eye. In this book he names the friends he found there: Clifton Fadiman, Meyer Schapiro, Charles Wagner, John Gassner, Herbert Solow, Lionel Trilling, a group that has since become distinguished. From his two years at Columbia he thinks he learned a liberal skepticism, which was just what he did not want; he wanted to believe. "In the summer of 1923 between my sophomore and junior year," he says (but this must be a most curious mistake — 1923 should have been the end of his junior year, which he never achieved) he saw the chaos of "the occupation of the Rhineland." It was the Ruhr that was occupied, not in the summer, but in January, 1923; the Rhineland had been occupied much earlier. The German inflation, which he also reports, was a delayed effect of the occupation. From this, he says, he drew his apocalyptic lifelong vision of the disintegration of the West. He is not interested in why the Ruhr (not Rhineland) was occupied, nor in the adjustments the powers made afterward. We begin to wonder whether Whittaker was not the kind of youth whom it is a grave social mistake to educate.

And why the errors in chronology and fact? The book exudes the tone and style of a man of deep and authoritative culture. Is this all cardboard? But we must doubt him even when he gives us the facts of his own life.

The editor, Duncan Norton-Taylor, says that Whittaker wrote the material of this book because he thought he had something further to say, beyond *Witness*, a book comparable to, but funnier than, *Mein Kampf*. Very well, what is he saying?

Here it is. "A West *without* meaning, a West that is unable to find in itself a meaning equal to the crisis that besets it." "Capitalism is itself a revolutionary force." "The West is swayed by a profound will to die." "History is heading toward an important showdown." "Obviously, both socialists and Communists are social revolutionists." "Modern men cannot be reached in general through their minds, and even through their souls. . . . The argument must be completed by The Bombs." "If God exists, a man cannot be a Communist. . . . But if God does not exist, it follows that Communism . . . is right." (Wrong both ways.)

Throughout we learn that the West is not worth saving, but that Whittaker could have saved it, if permitted. This wondrous message has been read by eminent conservatives as a superb and thrilling American patriotism; to me, it does not have quite that ring. Here he still says that communism always gave him fulfillment and hope, and the West gives him nothing but sinking despair. The conservatives love this stuff; I am baffled. The real Communists love it too; this is far less mysterious.

To take all this seriously, it would seem that Whittaker believed that history has an obligation to describe some legible and beautiful logic that would satisfy Whittaker. Thus he got himself trapped inside the big words and could not get back to the observed reality (though reality is his favorite word: again a word, inside which he is imprisoned). My intuition is that he would have been happy ending his life inside a real prison of stone and steel. Instead, he found the necessary sense of suffering in being saddled with a beautiful Maryland farm and a (presumably) devoted family. Under these fated burdens, he strode on manfully, weeping only on the page.

And the silences. Like *New Yorker* editors, Chambers was a great believer in long silences, with his wife, with his son. He writes of them in this book as highly significant but to me they mean that he was a great bluffer. Silence, like music, has an effect disproportionate to its message. Silent men are thinking how heroic they are; their silences are usually safe battle hymns. I find this sort of boorishness contemptible and suspect. Certainly many young men know they are unique in all time; Whittaker retained this fantasy to the end.

In life as apart from his art, we watch in Whittaker a gravitation toward power. At a time when other Columbia men were dancing to the Czarist anthem, Whittaker smelled the power in communism. In default, he turned to the Time, Inc., organization, a key propaganda outfit. Next he turned to the power business of exposing supposed Communists. Immobilized, he turned to apocalypse, to threatening everybody with the end of the world, from which only he could save them.

In such an apologia as this it is most important to distinguish between art and life. The art dresses up the life, and is in turn judged by those familiar with the life. The Newsletter of Whittaker's own Class of 1924 at Columbia published his obituary as that of "by far the most famous member of Columbia '24 (this will shock some of our more eminent classmates). . . . During World War II, by a peculiar coincidence, the foreign editors of *Time* and *Life* were both Columbia '24. . . ." The one on *Life* was the present reviewer, who had been with that organization since 1932 and who wrote the obituary. ". . . Chambers on *Time* kept predicting the collapse of the Russian Armies and urging the Americans to throw 10,000,000 young American corpses into the fray. This was Whittaker's contribution to American propaganda. . . .

"Whittaker's immense personal achievement was to transfer his own sublimated hysteria to large sections of the American people. For a while America looked like Whittaker Chambers."

Herbert Solow, Charles Wagner and Lionel Trilling protested against these and similar comments in the obituary. One must understand America, or New York, very thoroughly to unravel

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this extraordinary story line. Including myself, frozen in ancient anti-communism but not quite satisfied with Whittaker's anti-communism, if indeed it is that, or if the others take it for that.

The West, as Whittaker shudderingly reveals, is indeed in a state of continuous revolution, as it has always been, since the Greek city-states, and this is its strength. This fact by no means makes the West the dupe of Moscow, which seems to other eyes a claptrap imitation of America. Under a mature political system, America expresses some selectivity about the sort of continuous revolution its people want. Whittaker misunderstood, or perhaps pretended to misunderstand, the whole canvas of Western history, though he tells us he is well read in the subject and specializes in obscure back alleys of it.

He tells us that it is absolutely essential to human life (i.e., something like oxygen) to have "something infinitely great" to bow down before. This opinion alone, so absolute, so awe-inspiring, will sufficiently explain the mystery of Whittaker Chambers to most discerning people.

For he believed that this "something infinitely great" had to be invented and imposed on the world. And his something more to say was simply his need to invent and impose it. But in fact the "something infinitely great" is actually already present, and known to all. It is the universe, and present everywhere and always. Whether one bows or not is immaterial.

David Cort's latest book is Social Astonishments *(Macmillan).*

Spain Between the Lines

THE FAMILY OF PASCUAL DUARTE. By Camilo José Cela. Translated and with an Introduction by Anthony Kerrigan. Little, Brown & Co. 166 pp. $4.50.

TIME OF SILENCE. By Luis Martín-Santos. Translated by George Leeson. Harcourt, Brace & World. 247 pp. $4.50.

CHAOS AND NIGHT. By Henri de Montherlant. Translated by Terence Kilmartin. The Macmillan Co. 240 pp. $4.95.

Paul West

Never quite equal to the ingenuity of human minds, censorship is sometimes creative in its effect. Especially in Spain, that *tertium quid* of compromise, its bans and interferences have provoked into being some of the most ingenious feats of literary defiance our time has seen. Language has become gesture and novel writing in particular a mutiny that relies on meaningful omissions together with tropes or designs which, challenging the reader to interpret as best he can, promote the very activity the censor proscribes. In fact the *"vita minima"* to which Ortega found Spain always recurring has shown up once again, this time in a sterile routine of one-upmanship: the novelist cheats or confounds the censor by omitting significance altogether, or by including too much of it. This makes the censor's job whimsical and personal rather than a species of doctrinal loyalty and, at the same time, enables the novelist to maintain a camouflaged honor. And that can mean a great deal, although it might sound like next to nothing. Spanish thought, in another sense, has always been next to nothing—obsessed with *nada* —and the mid-century plight of Spain exacerbates the old metaphysical ache.

Not surprisingly, novels written and published under the censor's cloud are themselves nebulous. The novelist who stays put stays ambiguous. His very presence becomes a complex plot in its own right. He cannot spell out his dissent, but he can imply it in all sorts of ingenious structural and textural ways, hoping that an occasional word to the wise will be sufficient. On the one hand, if he is cunning enough, he will get his clandestine message through, garbled in its details but clear in its drift; and he may even become part of the ideological establishment. After all, the censor has to endorse as well as except, and he may endorse something whose defiant ironies elude him. On the other hand, being obliged to be indirect, the embattled novelist may communicate nothing at all save his own technical embarrassments. He may find himself perpetrating a turgidity or scantness that looks like bad writing. But there is a world of difference between what ability is obliged to leave out and what mediocrity could never put in; unfortunately, the results in print often look similar.

Under such circumstances, the reader—wherever he lives—becomes a manipulative participant. He must be able to decipher, so to speak, without finding cipher everywhere, and he must be able to make aesthetic judgments that are not distorted by his sympathy for the writer's awkward position. He has to develop, and if possible perfect, a habit of attuned appraisal that will enable him to decide when a whole page about the emptiness of a cup is an indictment of a regime's blankness, and when it is just an overlong piece of description. Of course, things are rarely that simple. A reader accustomed to a diet of such as Barth, Hawkes and Pynchon has the best chance here, although even he will have to read between the lines until he discovers and gets with paraleipsis: "A passing over with brief mention so as to emphasize the suggestiveness of what is omitted." That is what the censor can drive you to.

Thoughts like these—sour with a frustration that induces levity—run through my head each time I try a novel from modern Spain. How much to read in? How much to discount? How to cater to the paraleipsis? And now, Spain again, this time in two novels by Spaniards at opposite ends of the censor-cramped literary spectrum, and in a third by a great French writer, about a former anarchist who returns to Madrid after twenty years of Parisian exile. The first two, both of them enigmatic and with a history of censorship, enact a drama of hampered semantics to which Henri de Montherlant supplies a tart, choric commentary based on his own sense of "that strange, bitter, ingenuous world of people who are perpetually on the fringe of society, cultivating their own eccentricity, not to say their absurdity—a world which seems to me peculiarly Spanish, the patron saint of which is Don Quixote." These words from the preface to *Chaos and Night* seem a fair definition of the Spanish hangover which exiles have remedied with a stiff nostalgia, which habitués fight off by becoming self-elected pariahs, and which tourists encounter with baffled smiles as the

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Paul West, English novelist and critic, is a visiting professor at Pennsylvania State. His books include Byron and the Spoiler's Art *(St Martin's Press),* The Modern Novel *and a memoir,* I, Said the Sparrow *(Hutchinson).*

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NATO Cockaigne. The pain of Spain is complex; and those who try to correlate its half-lies, its myths, its arrogations and capitulations, its "bad faith," its ecclesiastical-military twitch, and its finesse in playing by ear, are bound eventually to run up against Absurdity and fight it by imagining a therapeutic epitome: say, the tip of the benevolent dictator's pyramidal tomb disguised as a rhino horn upon which the body will spin as the personification of Heaven, while a chorus of exiles, disguised as priests, diligently chants "Uranus, Uranus." The three widely different books mentioned above offer no *sursum corda* but a reading experience that saddens and pains, and invites a discordance of sympathy and cachinnation.

The facts are these. *The Family of Pascual Duarte,* first published in 1942, was seized in 1943 and banned for two years; it was then authorized again, but with a censored introduction. The present translation, for the first American edition, has been approved by Cela himself; it incorporates his latest changes. *Time of Silence* first appeared, severely censored, in 1962 and is the first and last novel of a psychiatrist who died in a car accident earlier this year at the age of 39. Both translations are competent; what a pity, however, that they were not footnoted to show what the censors excised from the original Spanish versions.

Cela's novella, presented as the confession of a brutish Castilian peasant guilty of several murders, is the work of a literary pathologist who, with a few curt gestures, washes his hands of the human condition. Cela writes out of a bustling contempt. He dedicates "this 13th and definitive edition . . . to my enemies, who have been of such help to me in my career"; elsewhere, he has remarked that all institutions are bad, "all of them rotten and shopworn." It is therefore reasonable — although not enough — to liken *Pascual Duarte* to Camus' *The Stranger* (as Anthony Kerrigan does in his gongoristic introduction) and to say that its bareness is like "the blackness in sunlight, as potent as a black sun."

Martín-Santos creates a quasi-parable with his story of a young medical researcher whose cancerous experimental mice, imported from Illinois, have all died. Its meaning is as ambiguous as the local mice which supposedly survive and multiply in this novel because at night they are permitted to nestle between the breasts of slum girls. The same perverse near-nihilism of Cela appears at the end of this book, when the young doctor compares himself to St. Lawrence who asked the pagans to roast him symmetrically: "Turn me over, for I'm done on this side."

Murder and cancer, nothingness and torture: it seems a standard enough range of metaphor with which to renew the old paradox of nihilism transformed into scrupulous art. Cela, on the one hand, writes a gaunt prose; as when Pascual stabs his mare: "Her skin was hard. Much harder than Zacarías'. . . . When I quit the stable my arm was aching. I was covered with blood up to my elbow. The mare hadn't made a sound." In contrast, Martín-Santos writes lavishly and sometimes turgidly: "the odor of scarce-digested food and recently peeled oranges became the perfume of a demimondaine Parisian banquet with fruit from the violent fertility of the tropics." But at his best, as in his long, free-wheeling evocations of a drunk's Madrid, or his verbless cataloguings of hallucination, he achieves a ranting gaudiness worthy of Carlyle. It depends if you like Carlyle. Occasionally the prose of Martín-Santos zeros in on a single item which therefore clicks into violent, meaningful, relief: "a soup tureen marked 'Limoges' brimming as a chamber pot under a bed"; "the chosen victim of popular hatred, this man who goes out in his strange bicorn hat and walks across the arena with a deliberately ungainly step and a serious and constricted face, half dead with fright, to make his ridiculous postures in front of a wild animal."

Both Cela and Martín-Santos dismiss the Spain of tambourines in order to plumb, before dismissing that too, the Spain of dark rituals. The results—of compression, and pruning, of overflow and grafting—are macabre. Pascual Duarte's death-cell confession, written desultorily before he dies in panic at the garrote, reads less like the village maniac addressing a grandee (which it is supposed to be) than a grandee making like the maniac. And the picaresque misadventures of the young doctor, after his hunt for new mice entangles him in a squalid abortion scandal, seem the merest ditto marks among the hopeless human detritus of Madrid's lower depths.

In each case something is made: not so much a point as a puncture. Pascual gratuitously slaughters his dog. The doctor sees the mouse bites on the Toledan girls' breasts and gets to thinking about Cervantes' mutilated hands. The point is the meaninglessness; the puncture is to create an extra bit of meaninglessness and then thrust it into the general sum. Both novels lapse into arabesque. Not that the writers don't keep things happening in order to maintain the narrative illusion; they do, but Pascual's murderousness, like the doctor's mouse quest, develop into stylish rigmarole. Pascual repeats himself; the doctor stays dazed; but both Cela's phrasing, cold and exact as massed dominoes, and Martín-Santo's elaborate spew, arrive at climaxes for which the story seems only a pretext. In each book there is a great deal going on that the reader can only guess at. Both Cela and Martín-Santos deal with spiritual aridity stagily, but keep their main points at several ventriloqual removes from outspokenness. They are mummers, condemning by means of dead pan, and loyal only to words.

"Why," the doctor wonders about Cervantes, "though he knew that madness was mere nothingness, a chasm and a vacuum, did this man affirm that madness is the essence of man's moral being?" Why live? Well, why not? Pascual Duarte is one of the flowers of evil; there are, as the doctor concludes from his acerb review of the Spanish social strata, many other flowers. And these—not of evil, but of puzzlement, obsequiousness, timidity, arrogance, deathly silence and violent talk — are in the majority. In the long run Cela's decision to thin out a psychological study into gruesome folk farce tells us something, but not much. Martín-Santos, who reveals an intense love of life's motley, tells us more, but his very copiousness hinders him. They both imply the anti-hero, or the conquistador in reverse: not tilting at windmills or conquering, but backing and filling, squinting or winking, sly in their powerlessness. Both Pascual and the doctor are pawns; but how much they should blame society, and how much the universe, we cannot tell, they cannot know. Life is never that obliging.

On all this Montherlant sheds a light of wintry sanity. He has arrived at the perfection of a manner. He still, as it were, bullies his subject into submission with a sardonic cunning all his own. But in *Chaos and Night,* as in *The Bachelors,* he makes

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Dear Friend,

We are worried.

McCarthyism abrogated the Bill of Rights. HUAC violates democratic safeguards. The McCarran Internal Security Act undermines constitutional guarantees. But Goldwaterism goes far beyond the witchhunts and persecutions. It is the Ultra-Right cry for the complete repression of all democratic rights.

Remember the Cow Palace Nightmare?

The Extreme Right—highly organized, well financed and ruthless—captured a major political party. Respected men and women were humiliated and hooted. Even limited appeals for sanity were brutally trampled. They forced the acceptance of policies such as: Let the Generals push THE BUTTON, States Rights (for segregationists), more Right to Work Laws and less Social Security Benefits, and "re-evaluate" our role in the United Nations.

This was a dress rehearsal for American Fascism.

While the Democratic Convention left much to be desired, it allowed room for debate and discussion. When public pressure was strong, its leaders, including President Johnson, offered the Negro people of Mississippi some measure of representation.

The opinion polls indicate a Goldwater defeat. But the same kind of predictions disarmed people before the California primaries and the GOP Convention.

If Goldwater should lose by a small margin, the Republican Party will be a solid base for the Ultra-Right. Extremists in the Democratic Party will be encouraged. We could expect a shocking enforcement of the McCarran Internal Security Act*. No one will escape the new outbursts of hate and violence.

President Johnson has sounded the alarm. He is calling for the defeat of the "reckless extremes" . . . who "despise the word 'democracy', dislike the word 'equality', distrust the word 'peace'."

NOW is NOT the time to relax or take anything for granted. Every vote neglected gives comfort to the extremists. Every vote cast builds a landslide to smash Goldwaterism.

Sincerely,

DR. WILLARD UPHAUS, Chairman

*The Citizens Committee has succeeded in securing signatures from 21 States on the Petition to Repeal the McCarran Internal Security Act. All those received by October 26 will be sent to President Johnson, urging him to strengthen his anti-extremist program—**before and after elections**—by dropping all prosecutions under the McCarran Act.

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his intellect instruct him about compassion (not his usual vein). So there is a reasoned-out rather than an impulsive sympathy in his portrait of Don Celestino Marcilla, the anarchist hero, who tries to go home again but finds himself hopelessly out of date until the day of his death. (The violence he longed for was there after all, latent in the national hangover.) The reasoned compassion seems just right: if ever there was comedy to be won from the Spanish tragedy Montherlant, in his wry way, has won it here. With all the relentless diffidence of a man who knows exactly what he is talking about, he makes Don Celestino's contrarieties express the whole muddle of Spain and come to a head at a shabby *corrida* during which snow begins to fall. So muddled that the only decisive thing he can do is break with his few remaining friends and his daughter, Don Celestino discovers that men call the world absurd only because part of it is nice. In other words — and Montherlant conveys this through a multitude of mocking or elegiac touches —to say the matador's *fuera todos!* ("Everyone out!") in the hope of achieving a definite nothing is just as futile as trying to have everything.

Celestino and Pascual come together in vain assertiveness. The doctor is overwhelmed by less than everything. Between *nada* and all, there is only something, and this impossibility of achieving an absolute dispirits the Spanish novelist of today just as it dispirited Don Quixote. Don Celestino pops a peppermint into his mouth. "What's that?" the police inspector asks. They are both thinking of cyanide; the only possible heroic action is a negative one. The rest of life is a sullen accommodation to things as they are and the mutinous exegesis, in cryptic book after cryptic book, of Quixote's line, "Thus living kills me."

Montherlant's great service is to have put the frustration and pain into perspective and point-blank language. *Chaos and Night*, a brilliant and subtle homage to a country he loves and mourns for, is not without asperities (Who, loving Spain, would *not* get annoyed?) and an occasional, relieved lapse into platitude: "Scribbling on the walls of public lavatories is the futile revenge of minorities." Terence Kilmartin's translation is deft, alert and stylish; he has captured exactly the shifting tones of Montherlant's first novel in twenty-four years, and perhaps his most daring, his best.

The Fine Art of Self-Appraisal

BEGINNING AGAIN. By Leonard Woolf. Harcourt, Brace & World. 263 pp. $4.95.

Christopher Sykes

In theory the story of one's life is the easiest of all books to write. Yet, as critics have often pointed out, first-rate autobiography is extremely rare; the successful practitioner in this branch of letters needs an unusual conjunction of qualities and circumstances to produce an account of himself that will stand on its own as a distinguished book.

First, I think, the right degree of self-esteem. A man who regards himself and his career as of no importance whatsoever can hardly expect to hold his reader's attention when he comes to record it: there can be only one "Diary of a Nobody." It has been rightly pointed out (by Belloc among others) that Gibbon's self-esteem is largely responsible for the excellence of his memoirs. But his majesterial approach to himself is also responsible for something undeniably absurd in his last work, something which is notably absent in *Beginning Again.* Mr. Woolf is perfectly frank about his many claims to distinction, but this candor is subtly and firmly associated with a natural modesty. Self-appraisal is a more apt word for the quality that is needed, and Mr. Woolf's estimate of himself gives the impression of being as precise a piece of professional work as can be imagined.

But apart from this rightness of attitude, the autobiographer needs (with the sole exception of Grossmith's great Nobody) to have had an interesting and somewhat varied life, and a breadth of view commensurate with his experience. As a man with experience of British Colonial rule, of the literary London and Cambridge of the years before World War I, of political life on the Left in the war years, and of English society of many kinds, Mr. Woolf can draw on a rich variety of life. But what perhaps assures the reader more than anything else is the fact that, among the large number of men and women whom Woolf has known, and so memorably describes here, there are several quite ridiculous and culpably foolish people whom he presents to us with the same loving care as he bestows on the deservedly eminent. Mr. Woolf has none of the arts which are taught in charm schools, but he fairly compels us to like him. He has the gift of sympathy in rare measure.

For many readers one of the most interesting sections of the book will be the brief account of "Bloomsbury": the writers, artists, critics and thinkers who, at a later time, in the 1920s came to be grouped together, in popular ideas, under the name of that elegant but somewhat grim 18th-century area of central London. Bloomsbury was held to be united in point of view and aim, as in the "intelligentsia formations" which are to be commonly found at any time in France and Germany, but are somewhat rare in England. The always latent and frequently active hostility of British people to any form of intelligentsia rapidly turned "Bloomsbury," with its comic overtones, into a term of abuse, and as late as the

Christopher Sykes, a producer in the features department of the B.B.C., is the author of Four Studies in Loyalty *and* The Answer to Question 33 *(both Sloane),* Two Studies in Virtue *(Knopf),* Orde Wingate *(World).*

Portrait

Dry-leaf life
curls up on
lobe toes

and like a lost
or haunted crab
skitters

across the street,
fretting in
the wind,

or curled forward
tumbles down or
even up a

rise, crisp and
light as a
spring catkin,

or boatlike strikes
a stream or, wet,
flattens

out stream-bottom
as windless
black: come,

wind, away from
water and let
song spring &

leap with this
paper-life's
lively show.

A. R. Ammons

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1940s an uninformed writer, such as Sir Arnold Lunn, was to be found applying the term to any critic or writer whom he did not like. Mr. Woolf points out that insofar as a Bloomsbury group existed it did so by the accident of friendship between certain eminent Cambridge men, including Lytton Strachey, E. M. Forster and Roger Fry. The circle grew and became more of a group by the accident of family intermarriage, and by the final circumstance that several of them lived in the dark well-proportioned streets and squares of Bloomsbury. It was here, in consequence, that they most often met.

After four pages of exposition Mr. Woolf does not mention Bloomsbury again, but much of the rest of his book is about Bloomsbury personnel. The theme persists. He disposes of the Bloomsbury myth and explains the relation of the myth to the reality. The binding force which gave the group a certain intellectual coherence was the influence on most of them of the philosopher G. E. Moore. It was not a strong force but it gave them mutual understanding of a rare kind. Their aims and achievements were otherwise unconnected for the most part, yet they made a single strong impression on the general public of their time. Perhaps it may be said, though Mr. Woolf might not concede the point, that without being a group Bloomsbury fulfilled many of a group's functions.

Readers of the book's two predecessors will expect abundance of good portraiture, and they will get it. Mr. Woolf is as masterly in the large full-length portrait as he is cunning in the swift sketch. George Bernard Shaw has been described so often, and so entertainingly, by so many of his vast acquaintance, that one might have thought that there was little left to say. Mr. Woolf proves this untrue, and in his very amusing picture he stresses that G.B.S. was before all things a "public man," one who could love, hate, think, attack, reform, defend—could in fact do almost anything you wanted—provided he was in the full view of an audience whose attention he could confidently guarantee. There are also brilliant pictures of H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, and a very moving one of that most genial and frustrated of men, Desmond MacCarthy. Not all his pictures flow from his natural kindness. He gives a brief and devastating profile of Margot Asquith whom he seems to have seen through with distaste, and of Middleton Murry he says: "He was always ready to weep loudly and generously over the woes of the world, but the eyes reminded me of the crocodile's."

The main portrait, indeed the main subject of the book, concerns the author's wife, Virginia Woolf. To have been able to write this masterly account is a severe test of courage and honesty. The result can be accurately described as a masterpiece of tragic beauty. Early in life Virginia Woolf discovered that her abnormal imaginative energy was allied to a tendency toward extreme mental disorder. As she grew older she became prone to fantastic delusions, especially of guilt, and these could lead her to insane despair, and a passion to commit suicide which in the end proved fatal. Only gradually did husband and wife discover the dimensions of the nightmare with which they had to live. All this is described with the compassion and love which can only come from rigid honesty and a fearless capacity to face the facts. Mr. Woolf's treatment of this somber theme is a most remarkable achievement, and it can be said without exaggeration that it raises the book to greatness.

The author himself emerges from this record as a versatile, humorous, contemplative and thoroughly able man, not without prejudice, for like all men he is to some extent the prisoner of his period. At one point he delivers a wholly fallacious judgment on Wagner which was fashionable sixty years ago, the period of the first reaction against the Wagnerian tyranny; at another point he seems to applaud the Russian Revolution through a habit picked up between March and November, 1917. But these occasions are rare. Usually Mr. Woolf has the key to detachment and freedom of mind.

The political ideas of literary men are usually peevish and inept, but Mr. Woolf shows himself again and again to be the happiest of exceptions to this rarely broken rule. His many interesting reflections on political matters make it clear that he learned political wisdom in study and administration. Many of his epigrammatic pronouncements deserve to be remembered; here are two: "The view that everything that has not happened was always utopian seems to me false—it is one of the commonest forms of stupidity after the event." In 1918, he acted as spokesman for a deputation to the Colonial Office from Ceylon. They were seeking for revision of some manifestly erroneous court sentences. The Colonial Under Secretary was the historian W. A. S. Hewins, and remembrance of the episode moves Mr. Woolf to say as follows: "We all did our best, but all we got from Mr. Hewins was the inevitable and expected refusal. Who killed imperialism? I, said the imperialist, with my imperialism and my Hewinses and my refusals."

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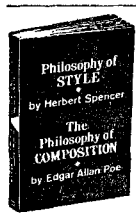

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THEATRE

R. J. Schroeder

ANTIC HAMLET

On Sunday evenings at the 13th Street Theatre, a troupe assembled and directed by Michael Alaimo (he was the dumb show King in Joseph Papp's Central Park *Hamlet*) is prancing through the First Quarto version of the play in, of all things, Commedia dell'Arte style. This farcical view of Hamlet and his playmates, running so counter to the carefully focused introspective offerings of recent experience, seems, at first, sacrilegious. But acceptance and utter enjoyment follow hard upon, for the play emerges, from this unaccustomed vantage, in a broad antic humanity which the audience explores and enjoys on its own, freed by Commedia from the constricting interpretive definitions to which it has become so conditioned.

The style is obviously appropriate to Hamlet's assumed antic air, but when the Hamlet who knows a hawk from a hand saw is nevertheless portrayed *a là Commedia*, and when uncle, mother, prime minister and the rest are played in pratfall, amazing, unfamiliar personalities appear. The slapstick entices a whole-human response, and the tragedy of Hamlet's, and his fellow inmates', loss of life's potential is mourned anew in sardonic, capering caricature.

Relieved of psyche-probing and redemption, the brother-murderer King is a crude, crooked cracker who snatches what he wants and belches it. His Queen is a hard, fun-loving broad who's been around and likes it, and who's going to wiggle her way into more of the action, whatever and wherever it is. It's lots of fun, but it also makes a lot of good sense. I'll venture that this thirsty Queen, who thoughtlessly drains the poison cup, is closer to the Queen the first Elizabeth saw than are our recent repentants. Horatio as buffoon foil and Polonius (Corambis in the First Quarto) as Ass and Ophelia as Blondie are comic and ring true. And these sensible, palatable truths stand delectably apart from any attempt at interpreted Truth, for which fact, among others, I loved the evening.

But, most interestingly, the off-beat perspective of Commedia allows us to view Hamlet himself through an ancient lens which has become all but forgotten. Our modern glass has been carefully curved to center upon Hamlet as aspect. We are shown finely rendered but restrictive angry, or else indecisive, or else oedipus-complexed Hamlets, in contexts so specialized, so individually and preciously interpreted that Richard Burton found obstructive to his own aspect, and therefore deleted, the "stamp of one defect" lines which Olivier stressed as the very theme and center of his interpretation. The wide-view lens of Commedia displays a clay-footed Hamlet, a fumbling Chaplinesque character who can no more overcome the foibles of his mind and body than can you or I. There is life and fun and comic beauty and softly bleeding tragedy in his plight, even as there is in yours and mine. I relish this view of Hamlet as I relish Chaplin and Molière because all of life is there. Nobody is screwing a lens into tight focus to the surrounding view.

The choice of the First Quarto as vehicle for this revealing exploration was apt. Theories regarding this version abound. But whether the First Quarto is, as some say, an abbreviated version approved by the master for his provincial following, or an early version later embellished by Shakespeare in the manner so deplored by Ben Jonson, or simply an inept piracy, it does provide a perfect platform for the Commedia rendition of Hamlet in his underwear.

What language is there is poetry, save the soliloquy, so garbled in this text that dumb show is substituted by the players; but the First Quarto omits, of course, a great many of the beloved, fulsome passages, and they are sorely missed. Let no reader misunderstand. This Commedia version of First Quarto is not the *Hamlet* one wants to live one's theatrical or poetic life with. It is not preferred, from any literary standpoint, to the complete *play as we know it. But there is* available to our view, on 13 Street, an anachronistic view of *Hamlet* which even in this abbreviated de-tuned version is most illuminating.

The Commedia style was certainly well known in Elizabethan England. It grew out of and as a part of the humanistic upsurge in Italy which was the precursor of England's own Renaissance. Shakespeare's players' own style may have been much closer to Commedia than to method, and it may well be that the Alaimo troupe's version of Hamlet gives us a unique opportunity to taste an ancient flavor.

But the historical or dramatic relevance of Hamlet *a là Commedia* is secondary to the sheer fun of the portrayal. All else aside, the players offer an entrancing evening of theatre. They are individually well trained in the Commedia art, and they play well in ensemble. They prove, anew, that there is more in Shakespeare and in *Hamlet* than is dreamed of in some philosophies.

R. J. Schroeder is a free-lance writer on business management whose avocation is the theatre.

ART

SPECTRUM OF SCULPTURE

A group of exhibitions during the present few weeks encourages one to put together some observations about modern sculpture. From "The Artist's Reality" at the New School for Social Research, to the displays of Pol Bury (Lefebre) and Günter Haese (Museum of Modern Art), to David Smith (Marlborough-Gerson) and the Jewish Museum's "Recent American Sculpture," the range is wide and illuminating. One can contrast, to an extent, European and American sculpture, the difference between a respected member of our older generation of sculptors and an echelon of younger ones, and finally, perhaps, learn something of the relation of sculpture to painting and the other arts. The following are my sketchy thoughts on these rather large subjects.

"Artistic," overly self-conscious sculpture knows no national frontier these days, but whatever its origin, it evinces one common trait: closure or huddling over space, frequently accompanied by smallness of scale. Whether carved or "modeled" (a term which now must stand very loosely for practically unlimited new methods of agglomeration), these works show a consistent hesitation or fear about getting out into the open. Why this should be I have no definite idea except that

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the responsibilities of a truly spatial statement preclude a traditional fascination with surface effects, as well as possibly offend a lingering humanism that would keep sculpture discrete and measurable in our lives. The New School show is rife with every cliché of this humanism, whether in bas-reliefs, truncated animals, totems, or the more chic cast or real objects. The packaging of this affair, with its pretentious catalogue foreword, and quotes about man and creation, spiced here and there by reference to cosmic menace, diminishes whatever was once credible in "The Artist's Reality." Worse still, Baskin, Ipousteguy, Chadwick, Marini, Pavia, Wines, Fontana and innumerable others, old and young, are what might be called stylists, who give inert matter an elegant or pleasingly abrasive coiffure, but who never really search its inner forms, or take risks with the visual readability of their work.

Of a comparable, but more subversive, order is the art of the Belgian Bury, and the German Haese: comparable because of its preciousness and spatial timidity, and subversive by dint of an up-to-date kineticism. It should be admitted that their work—Bury's wooden constructions and plaques with electronically activated filaments or balls, Haese's mesh or gridded cages imprisoning wrist-watch gears and coils—is enormously attractive and beguiling. All that the operation of taste can accomplish in refining and accenting meager formal materials, is duly accomplished. To their relative credit, neither of these two men concerns himself with shapeliness of elements, or "interesting" relations (the malaise of European sculpture), because they want to focus all attention on special tremblings and mysterious tropisms. The more an inorganic medium can simulate animal irritability, the greater the potential entertainment. The embodiment of these toys, upon which are bestowed a maximum degree of craft, has been conventionalized, while their minuscule movements are individualized.

If there is something disingenuous about Bury and Haese, almost the opposite might be said of David Smith. This veteran, active on the American sculptural scene since the thirties, has preserved through an amazingly varied career, a simplicity of expression that seems almost involuntary. Smith is a borderline case, his vision hovering between schematization (which is reductive) and synthesis (which is compressive). One's judgment depends a little on one's knowledge of Cubism in sculpture, and a great deal on one's awareness of American experience in art.

As for the works themselves, they can be described easily enough. Tall or blocky rectangles of glittering white steel, their surfaces scored by a small buffer, are perched or cantilevered precariously on a cylinder or shaft pedestal. Although occasionally structured on the vertical, they are more often assembled and welded into superficially unstable diagonals, which are pivoted so little that each piece can more or less easily be read as a profile. Just as one is not encouraged to move around these three-dimensional assemblages (they have only two real faces), so Smith intimates a lightness —by hollow boxes and reflective surfaces—that belies the massive size of his sculpture. Finally, these works are meant to be seen under the diffused light of outdoors: optimistically urban and overgrown ciphers, contrasting with rural wooded settings.

As against the implausibility of such creations, one can find in them a great dignity. Smith's refusal to be "inventive," his restrictions of vocabulary, may very well coincide with a native conservatism which he has never hidden. (He speaks of his background as Calvinist.) But it is also token of a conceptual pressure, of which individual works are allusions more than they are testaments. Though his highly abstract, oracular statements recall the situation of geometric art in the twenties, his mentality is gestural rather than utopian, and he takes his place beside the leading members of Abstract Expressionism who are his contemporaries. Adolph Gottlieb and David Smith are obviously members of the same artistic atmosphere—as is witnessed by their cryptography—but these latest Smiths are also comparable to current de Koonings in their broadness, sleekness and suppression of all drawing. I would also figuratively link the new series with the easy-going attitude of Hans Hofmann, who evinces a similar joy of creation and emits as great a proportion of awkward or even silly productions as Smith. Ultimately, I think of the Marlborough-Gerson show as schematic, but I am still grateful for its peculiarly dauntless spirit, even as I miss a certain strength of feeling.

It is an irony that sculptors of the present generation should reflect far more of the actual look and feel of Abstract Expressionism than does a man like Smith, but betray that ambiguity inherent in the current reaction against it. Looking at the leviathan work of John Chamberlain, Mark di Suvero, aspects of Richard Stankiewicz (especially the latest pieces), and even George Sugarman, one sees a physical belligerence and aggrandizement that hark back to postwar action painting. (A condition also true of an important sculptor not shown at the Jewish Museum, David Weinrib.) On one hand, there is a patent aura of exploration and daring, and on the other, an environmental immediacy that constantly sweeps up the spectator in the play of sculptural processes. We owe to these men (if we except such anticipations as Kiesler's and Ferber's) the clearest definition of the dividing line between sculpture of the fifties and the early sixties: the break out into space and the sense of the ensemble as a controlled flinging in which there is no dominating mass or center but instead a constituency of accents and a proliferation of episodes. It would be as much a mistake, however, to call the present development Neo-Baroque, as it would be so to characterize action painting.

And though the affinity between Chamberlain and de Kooning, or di Suvero and Kline, couldn't be more obvious, their relationship is easily exaggerated. One cannot, after all, overlook the difference between the effects of collided brush strokes and automobile parts (Chamberlain), or the buoyancy of a paint swath and that of plaster balloons (Peter Agostini). In the end, if painting reiterated its concern with the dynamics of muscular performance, and spontaneous (though anxiety-ridden) self-revelation, current sculpture deliberately confuses the identity of works of art and artifact, symbol and form. Compared to its mentor, this sculpture is emotionally colder, and sometimes optically, as well as chromatically, sharper. Also, its space-entangling inclinations are more a demonstration of interdisciplinary insights, and of the collapse of metaphoric into actual existence, than it is of a keyed-up *joie de vivre*.

Aside from certain anatomical similarities, one is impressed by stylistic differentiation in the Jewish Museum. But what these well-installed exhibits have in common is their unseductive, anti-virtuoso treatment of surface. Stankiewicz's work is coated with gritty rust, Bontecou's constructions are made of old canvas and welded metal armatures, and Sugarman's laminated,

(Continued on page 316)

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- unleash an onslaught against the whole civil rights movement and the legitimate protests of the Negro people under the guise of maintaining "order in the streets."
- entrench in power McCarthyism, with all its witch hunts, prosecutions and victimization of Americans who assert their democratic rights to differ, to speak, to organize.
- bring to power the most rabid enemies of organized labor.
- destroy the hard-won social gains of the last 30 years, chiefly those of the New Deal.

The victory of Goldwater would mean a basic change in the nature of governmental policy. It would put our nation closer to the brink of fascism and nuclear war.

Why Has the Extreme Right Decided to Make Its Bid for Power? Because

- At last there are important signs of ferment and protest. There are movements and actions for peace, civil rights, jobs and social legislation.
- In response to these pressures, the Kennedy-Johnson administration has taken some timid steps toward ending the cold war, such as the limited treaty to ban nuclear testing, the establishment of a hot line telephone connection, the sale of wheat to the Soviet Union, the closing of some military bases, and the expressed recognition by Kennedy and Johnson of the catastrophic nature of nuclear war.
- Certain sectors of the business community are becoming receptive to a diminution of the cold war and see world trade as an alternate way of maintaining an expanded economy.
- A Civil Rights Act was finally passed which, despite serious limitations, provides the legal basis for further advances and continued action toward full equality.

We are aware that Goldwaterism is the culmination of 20 years of bipartisan policies—the cold war and its nuclear arms race, McCarthyism and its witch hunts, the denial of first class citizenship to Negroes, the erosion of labor's rights.

WE ARE NOT UNMINDFUL OF THE SERIOUS SHORTCOMINGS OF THE JOHNSON ADMINISTRATION

- We oppose the continuation of the cold war, the suicidal nuclear arms race, provocations and intrusions in the airspace of other countries, "refugee" assaults on Cuba, and intervention in other nations as in South Vietnam, the Congo and Cyprus.
- We condemn the tendency to compromise and waver on full citizenship for Negroes.
- We deplore the failure to propose far-reaching programs of social welfare and public works to reduce unemployment and minimize the impact of automation.

But it will be tragic if progressive and democratic Americans are so blinded by the faults of the present administration that they under-estimate the catastrophic nature of the Goldwater threat. We must not fall into the trap of mistaken conclusions that: "It can't happen here." . . . or "A plague on both your houses."

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In the face of the common danger, a new opportunity for united and independent action is available to all those who prize peace, democracy and progress. The common ground of resistance to "Goldwaterism" must produce continued and independent action . . . not only during, but after the election . . . for a program that calls for:

- A foreign policy geared to a peaceful world, trade and jobs.
- First class citizenship for the Negro people and all minorities through stronger legislation and enforcement of the law.
- An end to the arms race and a drastic reduction of the military budget.
- A massive program of social legislation including expansion of social security, health, housing, education, public works and welfare legislation.

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(Continued from page 313)

contorted wood shapes are harshly house-painted. Partly, of course, this has to do with the initial choice of a medium whose malleability or resistance is considered before its tactile nicety; but partly also, it is the result of a masculine and puritannical approach to the life of the senses which is typically American. One reason for the power and impact of this sculpture is that it provides us with a very controlled stimulus for our appetite for sensuous denial—that curious state of moral well-being issuing from a taste or need for the austere or uningratiating. (Only Chamberlain's recent small pieces executed in California with "apple candy" surfaces, has gone somewhat against this taste, and they earned in some quarters a disapproval I am not at all sure was deserved.)

The man who perhaps best exemplifies the spirit of recent sculpture is 31-year-old Mark di Suvero. Of all his colleagues, his ruggedness is the most natural, his surfaces the least studied, and his groupings the most concentrated. A few years ago, he assembled great wooden beams or planks —the most homely lumber imaginable —in gangling compositions which had no common point of orientation. Yet this drunken carpentering, which spread every which way in space, imposed upon the beholder such a need to connect and integrate its various segments that a fantastic tension was elicited. More recently, that tension is retained and concentrated in pieces where bent steel beams alternate with clots of metal handwriting, uncompromising planks and huge rubber tires. In two of the late pieces, parts are movable in a rotary fashion which resembles more a centrifuge than a carrousel: one can ride silently round, but also unpredictably up and down on one of them. If his trajectories no longer give an elephantine vertigo, they still trace a disjointed, but weirdly graceful path in three dimensions.

It is interesting to juxtapose di Suvero and Smith. Their obdurate materials, physical expansiveness and sculptural aspiration align them in the same tradition. And though my own sympathies, as a member of di Suvero's generation, lie with his made-in-a-loft sensibility, rather than Smith's archaic and mythic associations, I can see them both as exponents of an, at times, almost unconscious romanticism. When Smith speaks of his desire to create sculptures as big as locomotives, when di Suvero sees poetry in tires, the two seem childish, intractable and noble, all at once. But here the similarities end. There is nothing in the least Cubist or frontal about di Suvero, nor has he any of that old-time craftsmanly rectitude and respect for American technology that distinguishes Smith. Even when Smith incorporates castings from the factory or foundry in his work, they are amalgamated into a homogeneous structure; di Suvero's use of objects, on the other hand, is so direct and differentiated that Smith, by contrast, always appears to work aloofly in sculpture land. Finally, in di Suvero one feels a tautness and intensity, which he invests into each work by treating it always as an individual problem. In Smith, the works are evenly conceived, their variations of intervals and spacing merely footnotes in a continuing *jeu d'esprit*.

Perhaps ambitious sculpture will always find itself in a maladroit, suspended position, halfway between its allegiance to a quite earlier set of pictorial terms and its participation in a very contemporary moment of consciousness. If so, "Recent American Sculpture" is more schizophrenic than usual. The complexity of working out genuinely three-dimensional ideas seems to delay any comfort with a vocabulary typical of advanced painting. George Sugarman's sculpture is remarkably similar in its external forms to the art of Stuart Davis, and yet the sculptor is extremely tough, and in the end, unpainterly, despite his polychrome units. In fact, that insinuating hybrid of the two media, Jasper Johns's sensitive plaster flashlights (otherwise conceptually responsible for much that has happened), is shunned by sculptors whose impulses are profoundly anti-pictorial. (How little does shadow play a role in their art!) But comparisons between the arts are invidious, anyway, and only serve as an index to measure certain progressions. Those of younger sculptors in New York were perhaps initiated by the "junk" assemblages of Stankiewicz, expanded magniloquently by the bright, crushed metal aggregations of John Chamberlain, and are now being honed down with brilliance by Mark di Suvero. It is through these oscillations between indulgence and sacrifice, and between their current situation and their ties with the past, in both sculpture and painting (which their European confreres destructively neglect) that American sculptors enter into the great dialogue of modern art.

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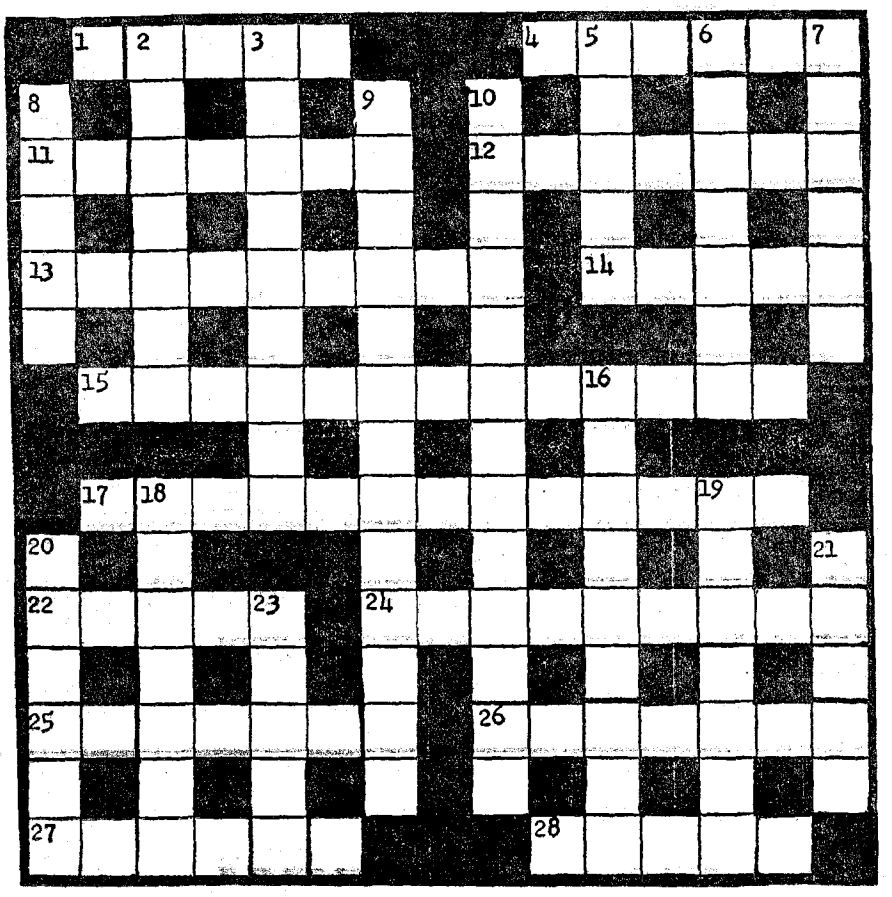
Crossword Puzzle No. 1078

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 It's of little account, but this side of London has a way of its own. (5)
4 Places a lot of confidence in what some liked to see busted. (6)
11 Break the root and wind with a circular motion. (7)
12 Did some have trouble with it because of a garble? (7)
13 Is such a trial ever a specialty with some dogs? (9)
14 If you're a musician, shake! (The same to you!) (5)
15 Macbeth wouldn't have numbered Banquo's ghost among his. (6, 7)
17, 20 down and 5 down If this be true why should the buyer beware? (3, 8, 2, 6, 5)
22 A subsidiary proposition of the problem, mathematically. (5)
24 One might have reposed on it, in a sort of cell. (9)
25 Does it take most of the month to get to bed? (You might get it, in a jam.) (7)
26 Certainly not a well-done portion of food! (7)
27 A strong Union man would never have wanted to do it. (6)
28 A poetic forger? (His overhead was evidently spread around.) (5)

DOWN:

2 An animal in the sort of state suggesting one whose philosophical dreams didn't include everything.
3 Reverting to type. (9)
5 See 17 across
6 Is it heavenly "Unter den Linden"?
7 Firm associated with stock, possibly. (6)
8 Begin to jump. (5)
9 Take advantage of the valley trails —they should be getting better.
10 A fleet getaway implied by them. (7, 6)
16 A mixture of the 22 sort might be dangerous. (9)
18 Descriptive of the quality of Winslow's paintings? (7)
19 There's a variety of bird in it which should be out of this world! (2, 5)
20 See 17 across
21 Short-tempered from conducting the experiment? (5)
23 Jumped the gap? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1077

ACROSS: 1 Hagiographers; 10 Headset; 11 Arapaho; 12 Whitlow; 13 Lithium; 14 Regency; 15 Dry cell; 16 Uncivil; 20 Aquatic; 23 Thrones; 24 Undergo; 25 Intrude; 26 Rattail; 27 Understanding. DOWN: 2 Abating; 3 Insulin; 4 Getaway; 5 Availed; 6 Healthy; 7 Realize; 8 Shower curtain; 9 Normal schools; 17 Carotin; 18 Venture; 19 Listens; 20 Aquaria; 21 Undated; 22 Terrain.

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